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by name



We all agree on **TEK!**

MOUNTAIN PRELUDE

By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings



HELEN JACKSON, beautiful and talented concert pianist, feels that life is ended for her when her twelve-year-old son Hank is killed in an aeroplane accident, following closely on the loss of her aviator husband in the war.

Her one thought is flight from familiar things and people, even from JOCK, her husband's faithful colt and the adored companion of her son.

She is forced, however, to recognition of Jock's loneliness, and takes him with her in the car when, almost demented in her grief, she virtually flees from her home and sets out on her journey—destination unknown and no planned itinerary.

NOW READ ON:—

THE towns passed, the villages, and the hamlets. Helen drove in more leisurely fashion, and still saw nothing. In her abstraction, she drove through one red traffic light after another, and officers stopped her.

She was a beautiful woman, but it was usually Jock who was responsible for her being released with a reprimand instead of a ticket.

Traffic officers found themselves stroking his silky head and saying: "Well, lady, just don't do it again."

The last time it happened she said, "Jock, let's get away from cities."

She swung into a service station. "Where am I, please?" she asked.

The attendant said, "Tilton, ma'am."

"Tilton what?"

"Bradford County."

"Bradford County where?"

He gaped. "You don't know what State you're in?"

"That's right."

"Well, lady, you're in Western New York State. I don't know how far you've come, but coming in from the east, you must of been in New York for a day or two."

"I didn't realise it was so big, New York."

"New York. The United States of America."

She smiled a little. "I did know that. Thanks. How can I get out of New York State? I mean, I'm just driving. I'd like to keep away from cities. What do you recommend?"

"Why don't you head south? You'll hit the Blue Ridge. I'll guarantee you won't be bothered much with cities there."

"Fine. Which way is south?"

He scratched his head.

"Lady, I don't believe you'd ought to be on the road alone."

He eyed Jock. "You're not rightly alone, though, are you? Not with this fellow along. Well, turn left at the third traffic light, and you'll be going south. But you better keep asking."

"It won't matter, anyway. Thank you!"

It was easy to keep the feel of the southerly direction. After a few hours, the cities were indeed few and far between.

The next day the farming country began to be more rolling. In the distance was a mass of blue that might have been clouds, but was not.

There were no hotels and now no tourist courts. There was nothing in sight designed for the accommodation of the traveller.

Helen was surprised to find herself at dusk with nothing in sight but hills. Night came blackly. The hill country was bleak and desolate. She felt a chill of fear, as she drove on.

High up a winding dirt road there was a faint light. She turned off the rough road, and the light was an oil lamp in a farmhouse. A country man and woman came together to the door in answer to her knock.

She said, "I'm sorry to bother you, but I'm looking for a place to spend the night. Do you know of one?"

The woman said heartily, "I just reckon we do. Right here. You come on in."

"I have a dog with me. Would you take him, too?"

"Well, I just don't know why not. Pa and me loves dogs the next best to humans. Now you both come in. You had supper?"

"No, I haven't. But I can't bother you for supper so late."

"Heavens to the hills, we always got something on the fire. Where's the dog?"

"Right here. Oh, Jock!"

Jock came obediently. The man and woman exclaimed over him. "Ain't he handsome! It's a pure pleasure to have him under the roof. And you, too, miss. You said he'd et, but you hadn't?"

"I said I hadn't had supper."

"Oh, we always feeds a dog before we eats ourselves. Well, we got plenty for all."

The cold food was delicious—country ham, cold, baked potatoes

which came to life under the fresh butter, turnip greens and corn bread and warmed-over coffee with thick cream. The hill woman prepared a plate of ham and odds and ends for Jock, stroking him lovingly as she set it down, and Helen was amazed to see him eat it greedily.

Helen was given the room in the farmhouse that had belonged to the son of the house, and the woman gave Jock an antique hooked rug for his bed by the embers of the hearth fire.

In the morning, breakfast was waiting for Helen and Jock—country-cured bacon, eggs, strong coffee and hot biscuits.

Departing, Helen said, "And how much do I owe you?"

The woman's face twisted. She said: "You grieve me, speaking of pay. It plumb pleased us, having you and the dog stay the night. I'd hoped it pleased you, too."

"I can't tell you how much I enjoyed it. How much we did. But you must let me pay you."

The woman shook her head. "There's some things can only be given," she said, "and my boy's bed is one of 'em."

She waved them on their way.

The hills were growing steeper. Helen stalled on a grade. She looked about with seeing eyes for the first time.

"I guess this calls for a low gear, Jock. We're in real mountains."

The paved highway ended abruptly. A rough road climbed to the right, and to the left, another.

"We'd better turn back. . . . No, no turning back. Left? Right? Right it is."

A small explosion startled them both. Four grouse propelled themselves like bullets from the road and were gone among the conifers.

Jock felt a flicker of interest and sniffed after them from his window. He knew the city birds—the pigeons and the sparrows—but these soft-winged things were new. They had a fine smell, strong and rich.

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Page 3

John Mills

"COLUMBINE" —the Choicest Caramels of all!



How do you like your caramels? Smooth and creamy? With a rich, lasting flavour which lingers on your tongue? Then you'll adore MacRobertson's Columbines. The wonder of it is that anything which tastes so delicious can be so good for you at the same time! Columbines are rich in glucose—one of the quickest sources of natural energy. Columbines also contain LECITHIN which nourishes nerves and aids growth. So always ask for Columbine caramels.

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MacRobertson

THE GREAT NAME IN CONFECTIONERY

THE time was early June. The rhododendron was early, in full bloom. Wild azaleas were bouquets of rose, of ivory, of yellow, and of saffron.

Helen stopped the car. "Jock," she said, "wherever we are, it's beautiful."

The road wound now in hairpin curves under overhanging boulders, and always up and up and up.

There was at last no more height to be reached until another valley should be met and another mountain climbed. They were at the top of the world, and the world fell away below them.

"If I can live anywhere, Jock," she said, "it would be here. It's another world."

Around a granite point the road began to drop. At times it threatened to pitch straight over a precipice and spill headlong into the valley far below, but righted itself and dropped no more, curving instead in and out along the mountain-side.

There was a bend again. The loveliest valley of all lay before them. And here suddenly were little grey cabins scattered across the slopes. The small swept yards were neat. Pots of geraniums lined the porch rails. Violets lined the paths and a few late daffodils.

Chickens scratched and clucked in the sun, ducks quacked in old rain puddles, and men in overalls were ploughing with mules across the precipitous fields.

Directly ahead of the travellers, set back a few feet from the dirt road, a weathered store had its doors open to the warmth of the air and to the passers-by. A sign hanging askew, painted by hand long ago, announced its identity:

Willie B. Williegoode, Prop.
Grocery, H'dwear, Miscell.
Brushy Gap P.O.

Helen passed the store and post office slowly. A little, thin man with sparse grey hair and a ragged grey moustache came to the door, wiping his hands on a white flour-sacking apron, and peered at the car and its occupants from over old-fashioned gold-rimmed spectacles.

The spectacles seemed only a gesture, for they sat far down on his nose. He watched the strange car go out of sight, and shrugged expressively.

"Too proud to ask questions!" he called loudly after the car, and went back into the dusky interior of his general store.

Helen stopped in amazement half a mile beyond the store. Built against the mountainside was as charming a cottage as could be imagined.

It was small and simple, built of blue-grey stone, with sturdy rock chimneys at either end. A flagstone path was bordered with violets and primroses. A wistaria vine was in bloom against one chimney.

The windows were not the mountain-cabin windows, plain of pane, with solid wooden shutters to be swung to at night against the miasma, but were lead mullioned, filling most of the front of the cottage.

Helen turned involuntarily to see on what no many windows might be looking, and the view took her breath away. Miles and miles of valley and mountain belonged to this house. She shut off the motor and stepped out of the car.

For a moment there was silence, then a faint musical tinkle came to her ears. She investigated.

Behind the cottage and to one side a narrow mountain stream ran like a silver ribbon, fell over boulders in infinitesimal waterfalls, made a pool that had purple iris around it.

She had not noticed, but Jack had followed. He drank from the crystal pool as though he would never have enough.

Helen bent and dipped the icy water in her hands, and drank, too. She turned to the east side of the cottage and peered through the windows with her hands cupped over her eyes.

This was astonishing. The cottage was furnished as she herself might have furnished a mountain hideaway.

She moved around to the front of the cottage to peer in, and drew back almost in shock.

A baby-grand piano stood so close

Mountain Prelude

Continued from page 3

that if the window had been open she could have reached in and touched it from where she stood.

Helen stepped back surprised to find her heart beating rapidly. She leaned close to read the notice written in pencil on a square of wind-torn paper tacked to the grey chestnut front door.

For Sale or Rent.

Appl. Mr. Williegoode Store.

She leaned one hand against the panelling and turned again to the valley and the mountains. Jock stood at the edge of the road, his nose high in the air, and it was as though he searched across the blue distance for what he had lost.

"We came straight to it, Jock," she said. "No one anywhere around. No one to ask questions. Nothing to remind us. We must have been headed here all along. Come on, fellow! Back to Mr. Williegoode."

She drove as rapidly as she dared, and slammed on the brakes in front of the store. This time Mr. Williegoode did not appear. Helen walked into the store. Mr. Williegoode was dusting a hanging bunch of bananas with a feather duster.

He spoke over his shoulder, "Lost, ain't you? I could of told you. But, no, you wouldn't ask."

"I wasn't lost at all. And I want to rent the little house up the hill."

He finished dusting the bananas to his satisfaction, stuck the duster in a holder on the wall, and turned

"What is man? A foolish baby;

Vainly strives, and fights,

and frets:

Demanding all, deserving

nothing,

One small grave is all he

gets." —Thomas Carlyle.

to her. The gold-rimmed spectacles balanced toward the tip of his nose.

"Mebbe you want to and mebbe you don't."

"Please, Mr. Williegoode . . . You are Mr. Williegoode, aren't you? I know what I'm doing. How much is the rent?"

He strode leisurely to the door and his eyes fell on Jock.

"I be dogged!" he said. "My granddaddy had a dog like that un. Fust man round here to raise sheep. Sheepdog, ain't he?"

Helen was raging with impatience. "He's not a sheepdog! He's just a—pet! Please—"

He looked her up and down. "You got heart trouble?"

She stared at him.

"Somebody comin' after you to hang you?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Williegoode."

He held up a hand. "Whyn't you slow down, then? You act like you only got a week to live. Just hold on now. Reason I said mebbe you'd not want to rent that place is, they's a piano in it. No use to beg me to move it, for the owner don't want it moved."

"But that's one reason I want the place. I . . . used to play a great deal."

Mr. Williegoode shoved his spectacles on top of his wispy grey head. He beamed.

"Now don't that beat all Billy Hall? Half a dozen folks has turned down that house on account of the piano taken up too much room. So they said. And here you can play it. I'll be horn-swoogled."

"What is the rent, Mr. Williegoode?"

"Well, you look like mebbe you've got it, but it's mighty high. Forty dollar a month."

Helen counted out four ten-dollar bills from her purse.

He hunted through an old-fashioned high bookkeeper's desk for the house keys.

"This here's to the front door and thissen's to the back. Don't most of us never lock up. The mountains is too free and open to abide a thief."

The rent and the keys were exchanged.

"I shore hope you play good," he said. "Feller owns the place plays as good as the radio. We can hear it down here, if you put the power to it."

She was obliged to smile.

"I may not be playing at all. I don't know. But if I do, I'll promise to put the power into it. Good day."

He allowed her to reach the door before he spoke. "You fetch your rations with you?"

"My what?"

"Mebbe you call 'em vittles."

"Oh, you mean things to eat. Why, no, I hadn't thought of that."

"See what I mean about making such a rush of it? You'd had to come clare back agin. Ain't no other store for thirty mile."

"Would you mind making up an order for me? I haven't been keeping house and I really don't know what I should have."

"Make it up quicker'n you can skin a rabbit."

The little man moved so rapidly that his coat-tails flew out behind him.

"Lard and flour, sody and bakin' powder, salt, sugar, coffee, tea, Matches. Butter, cheese, canned milk. Mess o' meat. Meal, rice, potatoes, vegetables."

He surveyed the pile. "There. That belongs to you for a starter. He added the total and she paid him.

"Oh, yes," she said, "and five pounds of dog food, Mr. Williegoode."

"Why, you got a heap there for the dog."

"I want dog meal, or dog biscuit, or I think there's a canned dog food."

"Well, ma'am, us folks round here figger what's a good enough for us is good enough for a dog."

"What do you give them?"

"You just fix a plate of what meat you cook, and what bread you got, some dog'll eat vegetables, and you mix some gravy or grease into it, and your dog'll figger he hasn't never eat before."

She made no move toward her supplies.

Mr. Williegoode said, "Why, you pore soul, ain't you got a poke?"

"A what?"

"Folks here totes a poke. Mighty handy, even when you got a suty-moblie. I'll loaned you one."

He stuffed her purchases in a large clean flour sack. "There you go."

She still did not stir.

He chuckled.

"You shore must come from the lowlands. Mountain women do their own totin'. Well, twon't kill me to load it up for you this onet."

He slung the poke over his shoulder.

Dropping it into the car, he said: "I'll speak about some wood for you before nightfall. As I recall, that fireplace takes two-foot logs."

"I shan't need a fire. The sun is actually hot to-day. But, oh I will need a maid. Can you find me one?"

Mr. Williegoode stared into space. He spoke innocently: "I'll tell you, ma'am, I searched this valley and the next 'un, looking for a maid when my second wife died. They's scarcely a maiden in these mountains. All married women or spoke for."

"I meant a servant. One at least to do cleaning."

He eyed her and spoke sternly. "I knowed what you mean. They's no such a thing as a servant round here. You look mighty able-bodied to me. Do you good, and help you, too, to run a broom over the floor."

He stalked loftily into his store.

The strange car had stood long enough to attract attention. Several women had hurriedly changed gingham aprons for white ones, clapped on their sunbonnets, and thought of something they needed suddenly at the store.

Children were with them, and Mr. Williegoode's brood had returned from a prowl. The mothers clustered in the doorway, but the car was indistinctly surrounded by children, fingers in mouths, shy but friendly, and, above all, curious. A bolder pair leaned inside the windows.

Helen shuddered. She said hoarsely, "Get away, all of you! Get away at once!"

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HAPPY VOYAGE

By ...
**SONIA
LINNQUIST**

I DON'T know when I noticed them first. Probably it was the day after we left Perth. They were quite an ordinary couple. There was nothing striking or unusual about their appearance, so in one way I cannot imagine why I became more interested in them than in anyone else on board.

On the other hand, the very way we seemed to come upon each other at all odd times would, of course, bring them more to my notice than many of the other passengers. The fact remains that after first becoming aware of them, my interest in them grew. And I'm glad of it.

I hope I have been of some help to them. I always try to help others whenever I can.

From the first, these two people gave me the impression of doing everything deliberately, because it was the conventional thing to do and they could thereby squeeze the utmost out of their trip.

Often I lay in my deck-chair studying them as they walked their mile before breakfast, or played deck quoits, or stretched themselves out in the sun. They were so regular in all this that I felt sure they were carrying out some pre-arranged plan for enjoyment. I began to wonder about them.

Their name, I discovered fairly early, was Collins, and from their remarks I gathered they had not been on this sea route before. I am not so sure that it was not the first time they had ever been to sea. I began to speculate on the reason for their travelling up here, on where they lived and what the husband's occupation could be. They were old enough to have been married some years, though they were still youthful.

I'm sure it would have been taken for granted on board that Mrs. Collins and I were of the same age, but, then, no one on board could

really have guessed within ten years of my age. It really does pay a woman to take care of her appearance. And that was what I could see Mrs. Collins hadn't done, at least not in recent years, if she had ever done so before. She was inclined to fat and her hair was straight. I gave her several hints, nothing obvious, you know, but just friendly, helpful, woman to woman remarks that I'm sure she must have appreciated and will gratefully remember from time to time. I really felt it my duty to do so, and I'm glad I did not, as some people, shirk my duty.

I had been walking round the deck with Mrs. Bryatt. It was just before dinner, and the smoking saloon was crowded. Seated at a table by the open windows I could see Collins talking animatedly. "My dear," I remarked to Mrs. Bryatt, "Isn't that Mr. Collins in there?" We both looked again. It was obvious Collins was enjoying himself. "He is with Mrs. Hilton," I added.

"I thought he was with the Gregor Evans," said Mrs. Bryatt as we walked on.

"The Gregor Evans' were opposite. Collins was with Mrs. Hilton on this side of the table," I explained. I like things stated clearly. I have no patience with vague assertions.

Collins may have been one of a group with the Gregor Evans' but he was sitting next to Mrs. Hilton, and when we looked in he was talking only to her. Mrs. Hilton is one of those really glamorous, fascinating

women, always beautifully groomed and so charmingly dressed. I couldn't help making the comparison I felt he too must be making between his own wife and this attractive woman.

It was then I began to worry on Mrs. Collins' behalf. She seemed such a contented, happy little woman. It would be just too tragic, I thought, too terrible, if she were suddenly to find she had lost her husband's affection, that she had been supplanted by a more attractive woman.

I became even more worried on her behalf when, a few minutes later, I saw her playing bridge with three women. I thought then, "If you could only see your husband, you would be too agitated to play another round." Yet what could I do to warn her of the danger? I decided that for her sake I must watch, and perhaps drop a judicious hint or two that wouldn't upset or worry her, but would put her on the right track and help her keep her husband.

I have been a widow for ten years, but I know that till the day he died my husband had never looked at another woman and compared her with me to my disadvantage. "Marion," he always said to me, "how do you stay so young and

"Mrs. Hilton is a very attractive woman," I said, pointing her out to Mrs. Collins.



beautiful and charming? You still look eighteen." He would not have said that if I had not used my brains in choosing my clothes and in taking care of my appearance.

It was not till the next day that I had an opportunity of speaking to Mrs. Collins. It was after breakfast, and we occupied adjacent deck-chairs, and it so happened that Mrs. Hilton came and stood at the rail not far from us. She was looking specially attractive. Her dark hair was fluffy, and wavy, and looked as if it had just been shampooed and set, but set in such a style that the sea breeze merely enhanced it. Her smart tan linen frock set her apart. It was new and different, and made all the pinks and blues and greens on the other women seem commonplace and drab. I turned to Mrs. Collins.

"She is a very attractive woman," I said, in a conversational tone, "beautiful enough to turn the most devoted husband's head. And yet her attractiveness is really only cleverness. She knows how to choose an unusual frock, and she takes great care of her hair and general appearance."

I thought then that that should set little Mrs. Collins thinking, and it did seem to me that after that Mrs. Col-

lins' own hair was not quite so dull and wispy. I noticed, too, that she wore another belt and scarf with her aqua sports frock when she partnered her husband in deck games that afternoon. The new belt and scarf made little difference to the frock, but, I thought, at least she seems to be trying. I felt that my words had been taken to heart.

And I was pleased, too, that husband and wife were playing together. But I noticed that that very evening while Mrs. Collins played bridge Collins was again in the smoking saloon with Mrs. Hilton. Now, I thought, if he's not there for Mrs. Hilton, why is he there? Why isn't he with his wife? That there were three or four others at the table didn't mean a thing to me. I felt that Collins, for all the others at the table, was as much alone then with Mrs. Hilton as if he had been sharing with her the wastes of the Antarctic.

I couldn't help feeling more and more troubled for Mrs. Collins. Yet again, what could I do more than I had done already and would do along the same lines? One has to be so very careful about meddling in other people's domestic affairs, yet one does hate to see a marriage gradually broken up under one's very eyes. For that seemed what would be the inevitable result with the Collins' if they were not helped in some way. Yes, I felt I had a definite mission here, and I'm glad I did not shrink from my responsibilities. I hope I should never be afraid to talk straight out when duty demanded it, but in cases like this it is the more subtle approach that gains the end. Straight talk can defeat itself.

In the cosy little chat I had with Mrs. Collins before saying good-night, I brought the subject quite casually round to women, and the many types I had met in my travels, among them the sort who is ever ready to snatch away the husband of one of the other passengers. I told her I was going to Wyndham to stay with my son and his wife, a most charming girl. My son is devoted to her. I was surprised to learn then that the Collins', too, were going to Wyndham.

Please turn to page 13



Kayser Blue Gown

A nightgown in imported

'Celanese'

— a British fabric

For your love story . . . something new . . .
something blue . . . a romantic-as-moonlight
creation by Kayser in 'Celanese' fabric - a night-
gown of delicate and lovely design. Like a touch
of magic across the graceful skirt is the print
of an old-world love story. Such masterful,
imaginative styling by

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The Thirteenth Minute



BILL DARRELL, detective, fighting his way up the Avenue against a tearing wind, recognised the imposing new home of Eagle Radio.

Death, riding the wings of the wind, recognised it also.

Partly to escape the weather, partly to have a chat with his friend Dick Holmes, the company's chief news editor, Bill decided to go in.

On such wayward caprices does murder and its solution sometimes depend.

"Mr. Holmes?" the girl at the information desk repeated. "I just saw him with Mr. Archer." She glanced at the clock. "Mr. Archer is on the air in five minutes, so they'll be round in Studio L, where he broadcasts."

Bill said he knew his way, and walked down the softly lighted corridor.

Death, who had an appointment in Studio L, was just behind him.

L was one of the small talks studios. The lights were on, and through the glass panel facing the corridor Bill could see Leland Archer, famous news analyst, at the desk in the centre of the room, his script before him, and the microphone tilted over to face him. But neither of these had his attention. Archer was talking to Dick Holmes, who sat on the corner of the desk. An announcer was at another table in the corner. The atmosphere in the studio, with the clock edging towards deadline, was slightly expectant.

Archer's face was expectant, too, as he looked up at Holmes.

"... Do a little better than that, surely?" Archer was saying as Bill opened the door. "She's worth it."

Holmes stalled. "Yes, but you know how things are. Still I'll take it up with—"

From a loud-speaker in the control-room a girl's voice called, "They're talking about me, Mr. Darrell, and my salary. Pay no heed. Please, Mr. Archer, settle down now. We're almost on. May I see you a sec, Mr. Holmes?"

Archer looked nervously at his producer, glanced at the clock, and then at his script.

Holmes laid a friendly hand on Bill's shoulder. "They're promoting rises" for each other," he said, smiling. "Sit down while I see what Iris wants." He walked briskly into the control-room.

Death, who had been quietly waiting, slipped in behind him.

The detective glanced through the soundproof window as his friend went to the door. A girl in her late twenties was sitting in the producer's chair, and beside her a

lanky youth bent over his dials. The girl's eyes were worried, contradicting the mocking lilt of her voice. She half rose as Holmes came to her side, and began whispering, but the youth touched her shoulder and pointed to the clock. Iris stopped short, then Bill heard her voice: "Stand by, please."

The three members of her team fell at once into the relaxed readiness of long practice. Archer leaned forward, eyes on copy. Roger Fry, the announcer, got a comfortable distance from his mike, fixed his eyes on the girl's face, and waited. Iris Horn, Archer's producer, tuned her ears to the monitor-speaker which would bring her the network cue, watched the clock, and waited. The youth, Charley Elton, had everything in readiness.

Dick Holmes faded into the shadows at the rear of the control-room, and Bill Darrell, fighting a curious trapped feeling, tiptoed across the studio and took a chair from which he could see both desks and the control-room window.

Death made no move.

In a basement half a block away, in the still atmosphere of network control, another man waited. He was, albeit, temporarily master of the group in studio L. Like them, his orders came from a clock and a disembodied voice.

The voice, in carefully modulated accents, said:

"This is Eagle—the Eagle Broadcasting Company."

As the word ended the master-control engineer moved a small handle, and the vast network broke into a hodge-podge of separate stations. The engineer waited 10 seconds for the local announcers to ram in their station breaks, then as the clock touched eight he moved another handle. Once more he had a network, eight stations bigger than before, waiting patiently for the broadcast from studio L. Red lights were on in that studio, one of them directly in front of Iris Horn's line of vision. She lifted her hand, flicked a forefinger at Roger Fry, and the waiting was ended.

Death took his final step before keeping his appointment.

After introducing Archer, the announcer sat back in his chair. Charley Elton cut off the announcer's mike as a safeguard against possible coughs. Iris flicked intent eyes between the clock and the pencilled figures in the margin of her script. Archer his "Good evening" over, was saying: "To-day's meeting of the United Nations has made some progress, the great liner Queen Elizabeth is plowing at reduced speed through 50-foot waves on the North Atlantic, the largest dope ring ever discovered in Canada is—"

An ear-shattering cough blew the next words into oblivion. The commentator gasped, coughed again, shrieked, "Excuse me," before he regained control of his voice and continued on his well-disciplined way.

Iris jerked slightly in her chair, made a small surprised sound, and leaned farther forward on her desk. Slowly she turned ahead in her script, and unsteadily drew her pencil across a page. Her fingers relaxed, the pages swished back to cover hand and pencil, and she sat without further movement. Once or twice Archer glanced at her for timing, but she made no sound. To a seasoned radio speaker like Archer, this made little difference. He forged ahead and finished, as they say in radio, on the nose.

Death, leaving the mark of his presence behind him, went on to his next appointment.

Some time during the broadcast Bill Darrell became oblivious to what the speaker was saying, and found himself thinking about his

Iris made a small surprised sound, and leaned farther forward on her desk.

that almost shattered the microphones.

Bill Darrell had seen Elton's involuntary start, had recognised it for what it was.

"Shot in the back," he said as he came over. "Anyone see—no, wait." He spoke to the engineer. "Find a private phone, and get my brother, Inspector Quentin Darrell, at headquarters. Tell him to come at once with the squad and a doctor. Then come back here." Turning to Holmes, he said, "Now where did that shot come from?"

"I don't know, Bill. There was no shot while I was here. I was out for a minute—just along the hall to the washroom."

Bill Darrell stood behind the dead girl. Her hand, half covered by the script sheets, caught his eye. Carefully he turned back the pages till it lay bare. Beside it her pencil lay, its point near the end of a faint waver line on the page. "I wonder—"

"She's underlined something," Holmes said, peering over his shoulder.

Bill read aloud: "In front of 535 Weckerley Road this afternoon a hit-and-run driver— That's Archer's Safety Campaign stuff isn't it?"

Holmes nodded. "And what's this pencilled 13, here at the end of the line? Written at another time, with a different pencil."

"Iris' timing," Holmes answered abstractedly. "Archer always puts local news and the safety campaign at the bottom. Why should she underscore—suppose it was just a reflex, as she died?"

Bill shook his head doubtfully. He made a further inspection of the wound.

"Probably a 25. Came from straight behind her." He looked up intently. Across the room in direct line a chair stood against the wall. Holmes nodded. "I was sitting there."

"It must have happened while you were out. When was that?"

"Right after they started. I was gone only a couple of minutes."

"That helps. Makes it between eight and—say, three minutes past?"

Elton came back, his voice almost a whisper as he said, "They're on their way."

"Who came in here while I was out?" Holmes asked him.

By ALLAN SANGSTER

personality. A queer man, he thought. They had gone to the same university, and even then Archer's cold intolerance, his arrogant mind had set him apart from his contemporaries. The sort of mind, Bill thought now, which makes a genius or a crook. Wonder what he's done since. Bill mused, and how he wandered into radio.

The change in voices as Roger Fry signed off recalled him from his reverie. The red lights went out, everyone sighed with relief, and began to think about what next.

Archer obviously had his plans made. He was slipping his copy into his briefcase as he went hurrying to the door. "Bullo, Bill," he said on his way past, "sorry I can't stay. Got to chair a meeting."

Iris Horn made no movement to rise. Iris Horn was dead. Under her chair her blood made a dark pool on the floor.

Charley Elton was the first to notice. He snapped off his controls and turned to her. "How about some coffee?" he asked.

The girl didn't move, didn't answer, and Elton, bending over her in alarm, saw her glassy eyes. He drew back sharply, and Dick Holmes, coming from the back of the room, noticed the wet glistening patch on the back of Iris' dress.

He touched the wet patch. "Blood," he said. "Shot? But there was no shot." He opened the studio door and shouted, "Bill," in a voice

"No one, positively, Mr. Holmes. Mostly I was looking this way. I'd have seen anyone."

"That's right," Bill said.

Holmes was almost storming when he said, "This is pure crazy. Someone must have come in and shot her. There's not even a window."

Bill was staring at the wall behind the dead girl. "Do you record these broadcasts?" he asked with apparent irrelevance.

"Yes," the radio men answered together. "We record everything," Holmes added.

Out in the street a siren wailed, and shortly after men seemed to crowd the room.

Chief Inspector Quentin Darrell was an older and harder edition of his brother. When he entered Bill was again staring at the script in front of the dead woman. Holmes had gone to his news room. Elton was shivering in the corner. Bill gave his brother as many details as he knew.

"And what's become of Archer?" the Inspector asked.

"Gone to chair a meeting. Rushed off before the shooting was noticed. She was shot from behind, and Archer was at that desk, well in the front. Here's something interesting."

He turned a torch beam on the wall behind Iris Horn's chair. His pencil ran along the pock-marked soft surface of the sound-proofing board. The point dropped in and stuck in one of the pocks, which was actually a hole. "So she was shot through the wall."

"Could be," the Inspector said laconically. "What's next door?"

"Don't know yet. Haven't been that far."

Holmes, back from his phone call, answered. "Nothing. It will be Studio M—when it's finished. Want to see?"

He led them around to the room, which was in the process of being soundproofed and was filled with dusty furniture and piles of insulation. The wall next to the control-room was a single sheet of soft-board, in which the bullet-hole clearly showed. Under the hole was a table with a pile of books, and here the dust had recently been disturbed.

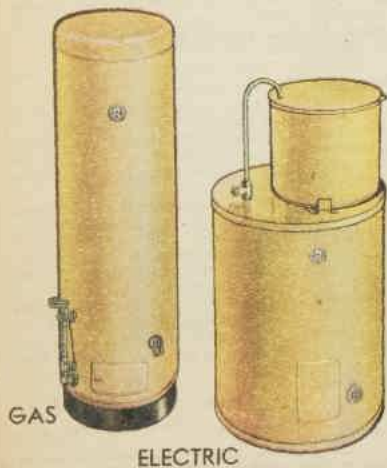
Please turn to page 13



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The Australian Women's Weekly — June 19, 1948

You Too can be a GENIUS

By . . . W. L.
Knickmeyer

"I—beg your pardon?" He was blinking like a traffic light. "I didn't catch that, I'm afraid."

He couldn't catch his own name till he'd heard it the second time.

"Literary men," I explained. "Writers. You know. Books. People write them."

He said "Ah" again. Myra kept looking at both of us, kind of proud and happy.

"James," she said, "Herb has written a book!"

James looked at her for a minute. Then he turned and looked at me. "You? A book? With words, and everything?"

I put my shoulders back and stuck a finger into my vest pocket. I nodded.

James giggled. "What's so funny about it?" I asked.

He kept on giggling. He was having a wonderful afternoon. "Oh, this is delicious! You've written a book!" He had to stop for another giggle. He said, "I didn't even know you could read!"

Please turn to page 28

I LOOKED at Myra Stewart sitting across the table from me in Harry's Bar, and why I'd had to go and fall in love with her I couldn't guess. But there it was. Not that she wasn't nice looking, with her hair done in a topknot and that little nose tilted up.

She was a fine girl and I liked her.

Only, she had these ideas.

She said, "After all, Herb, you've been out of the Army for a long time now."

Was that something to complain about?

"Sure," I said.

"But you haven't done anything! Haven't you any pride? Haven't you any ambition? Look at James Wyatt."

I didn't want to.

"I'll have to look at him all week-end," I said. "What was the idea of telling him we'd come to his farm, anyway?"

"It isn't a farm—it's a perfectly beautiful estate on Long Island."

"Oh," I said. "So that's it. I'm supposed to be struck all of a heap."

Her lips tightened. "It wouldn't occur to you," she said, "that you might have had a Long Island estate yourself, if you'd tried."

"Are you trying to tell me James Wyatt worked for that place himself?"

Myra blushed a little. "Well—maybe he did inherit it. But you have to admit he's running the business by himself. A big publishing firm like that!"

"Okay," I said.

"I'd be ashamed," Myra said. "You started out together in college—and now look at you! Working on a newspaper—the fifth one since you left school!"

The difference was, my old man hadn't left me fifty-one per cent. of the stock in a publishing outfit. I said, "Okay, okay. Forget it."

I'd been hearing that kind of stuff ever since college. James this and James that. James was captain of the debating team. James was editor of the year-book. When the war came along, James was a lieutenant in the A.G. section of Corps Headquarters, and I was an artillery sergeant. And now it was starting again.

I was pretty tired of James Wyatt.

"Forget it," I said. "Let's talk about something interesting, like: When are we going to get married?"

"Not until you've made something of yourself," she said. "I don't want to marry a—newspaper hack."

I stared at her, and I was mad. I said, "Maybe you want to marry James Wyatt. I'm tired of hearing about James Wyatt. Anybody can publish a book. If he could write one it'd be different. But he can't even write his name without using both hands."

I kept on staring at her. Her mouth trembled a little and her topknot bobbed.

"Oh!" she cried. "I suppose you could write a book?"

I hadn't thought of it, but why not?

"Why not?" I said.

"Herb! Do you mean—?"

Why I did it I don't know. I was just mad enough not to be able to think straight. At the time, it seemed like a good idea.

"Sure," I said.

"A book! Herb Waters! And I never suspected!"

Neither had I. I leaned back in my chair and looked nonchalant. Myra just stared at me. Then a trace of suspicion came into her eyes.

"Just where is this book?" she said.

I made my second mistake. "Right here in my pocket."

She sat up straight and reached across the table. "Let me see it."

"Oh, no, I couldn't do that. It would disturb the current of inspiration."

"Is it—finished yet?" she asked.

"Not quite."

"How much longer will it take?"

I might as well make it good.

"Oh," I said, "a few hours—maybe a day."

She reached across the table again and caught my hand. "Herb," she said, "I'll marry you just as soon as you finish it!"

I swallowed a couple of times. "Swell," I said.

"Fine," I swallowed again.

"That's just dandy."

Myra nodded happily.

"Oh, Herb,"

she said. "A

book! I can

hardly believe it!" She had nothing on me . . .

From Harry's Bar we drove out to the Wyatt estate on Long Island. The first thing I saw was a curving drive. The second thing was a big house, the third thing was James Wyatt.

He was on the terrace waiting for us with the sun shining on his bald spot. That was where ambition got you. A bald spot before thirty. He came toward us.

"Ah," he said. He was the kind of guy who said ah. "A lovely day, isn't it? I'm so glad you could come."

He wasn't talking to me.

Myra gave him her hand and a glad little smile to go with it. I looked at her and thought about the book I was supposed to have written and I could see the orange blossoms in her hair already. But there was no point in throwing the fight before I'd even started. I got the first punch in fast.

"We wouldn't have missed it," I said. "It isn't often we literary men get to come to a place like this."

"I've got something to tell you, Myra," he said, trying to appear casual.

The Australian Women's Weekly,
June 19, 1948—Page 9

Confidence



Confidence

AND WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU!

Zoom into winter fun! Race over the snowy slopes! Thrill to the keen air of whipping your cheeks to vivid, healthy colour! Happy! Keen! Full of confidence! You can have every confidence in taking genuine VINCENT'S A.P.C. for 'Flu, Colds, Sore Throat. VINCENT'S is prepared to the original hospital formula and is a proved and fully accepted medical prescription.

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FOR SAFETY'S SAKE SAY VINCENT'S

POWDERS & TABLETS



Mountain Prelude

Continued from page 4

HELEN turned the car in a reckless arc and drove swiftly up the road. She was shaken. The mountain children were handsome. Behind her, Mr. Willigood touched his head with one finger. "Got a crazy woman taken the music house," he said. "What's a heap worse, she ain't one little mite sociable."

The cottage seemed more than ever a refuge. Helen turned the car under its shelter. She hesitated over the poke; then slung it over her shoulder as Mr. Willigood had done and took it to the back door.

Inside the small kitchen was cosy. There were white cupboards and snowy ruffled curtains at the windows. There were also objects new to her, including a wood range.

Helen gave them a casual glance. She put the poke on the floor and returned to the car for her luggage from the rear compartment. The larger bag was heavy and she struggled through the front door.

Inside the gracious living-room she drew a breath of relief. Jock had followed her, and he smelled gravely all round the room, sensing that this was to be more than an overnight stopping place.

A thick-piled rug lay in front of the hearth. He sat down on it, giving notice that he had chosen it for his own.

Helen said, "I believe you like it here, Jock. I do. If nobody . . . bothers us."

She found the single bedroom. It was furnished in as exquisitely simple taste as the living-room.

It, too, had a fireplace, small, with a Colonial frame and mantelpiece. She set down her bags and tossed her hat on the bed and ruffled her hair.

The windows here had the same incredible mountain view and she leaned her cheek against the panes and watched for a moment. Ample linens and blankets and patchwork quilts filled a cupboard, and she made up the bed.

Back in the living-room, she ran her finger over the furniture for dust. There was very little, but she hunted through the kitchen for a cloth, finally taking a dish cloth. She dusted the room and walked slowly to the piano.

She pulled the cover far enough back to lift the keyboard lid. She struck a few soft chords. In the clear dry air, the piano had kept its tune and pitch, and the tone was all she could have asked.

Helen covered her eyes with one hand, lowered the lid and replaced the dust cover. She walked restlessly round the room, examining the books and pictures, touching the pieces of pottery, which were as good as she had suspected.

She opened the cupboards beneath the bookshelves. They contained portfolios of music, and in spite of herself she looked through them eagerly.

"Well, the man who played as good as the radio has some nice stuff," she said lightly.

For answer Jock lay down on his private rug. He could take music or leave it.

Helen threw open the casement windows to the late afternoon sun. She felt strangely idle after the tension of the long, steady driving. She opened her bags and put away her clothes, laid out her toilet articles on the dressing-table, investigated the small modern bathroom.

The sun was dropping behind the farthest mountain range. She went to the kitchen and unpacked the poke. The icebox was capacious, and she put almost everything inside it, including the flour, salt, soap, coffee, and corn meal. She dusted her hands with satisfaction.

"I'd almost forgotten how to keep house," she said.

Helen shivered. With the going of the sun, the mountain air was immediately frosty. The room had become dusky.

She closed the door and all the windows, and the room was almost dark. She reached to one side of the door for the electric-light panel. There was none. She felt on the other side, then looked anxiously all round.

There were handsome antique oil lamps in brackets on the wall, an

old brass student oil lamp on the piano, and she felt under and round them for the cord or switch. She pulled back her hand, for it seemed greasy. She sniffed.

"Heavens, Jock, these are really oil lamps!"

She lit a match and held it over the top of a glass shade. There was no answering light. She lit another match and looked round in desperation.

On the mantel stood candles in pewter candlesticks, and these she lighted. The room turned soft and homey in the yellow gleam.

"I guess we'd better have supper before they burn out," she said, and went to the kitchen with one of them in her hand.

There was no electric stove, no gas stove. The black wood stove was an insoluble enigma, but a lower cupboard held canned heat.

She heated water over it in a small pan, and made a pot of tea, and, in despair at the cold stove and the uncooked materials, made a thick, awkward cheese sandwich.

There was dog meal still, and she mixed some with water for Jock. He ate a mouthful and turned away.

"Oh, Jock," she said, "don't be so difficult. How do I know what you want to eat?"

She laid a tray with the frugal meal and took it to the candlelit living-room for cheer. As she ate, Jock came close.

"Don't tell me it's cheese sandwiches you're yearning for."

She broke a piece and he ate it, and another. She could not know that the food itself made no difference to him. It was only necessary that he share with her a little.

The chill was astonishing.

She said, "After this, Jock, I'll listen to Mr. Willigood. Let's see if we can find some wood for a fire."

They went together with a candle. The thick-wooded mountain slope was black and silent. There was wood in plenty behind the house, but it was in huge blocks that she could not lift.

At length, she found a few scraps of bark and splinters and took them in and dumped them on the hearth and held a match to them.

"They were as unyielding as the oil lamps."

"You wretched thing . . . Well, Jock, we can always go to bed."

Shivering she piled extra quilts high on the bed and crawled in. Jock looked after her longingly. Then he went back to his rug, his own, and lay down shaking in the cold until he fell asleep, to dream bad dreams. He cried out in his sleep.

For all the glory of the morning, Helen Jackson awakened with a feeling of depression. She sat up in bed and the chill of the air struck like knives through her sheer nightgown.

She pulled the covers over her nose. She closed her eyes and tried to go to sleep again. She lifted her head and listened. Someone was walking by, whistling.

He was making a strange racket, besides, as though he were dragging something over the rough road. Then the whistling stopped. He was not walking by. There was a distinct knock on the back door. Helen drew on a thin, lacy negligee and shivered her way to the kitchen.

She opened the door, then stepped back as though a fearful thing loomed before her.

A boy, the very size, the very age, of her Hank, stood facing her. He was so close that she sensed the feel of his young, hard boy's body, as surely as if she had touched him.

She stepped farther away. The boy was barefooted; he wore faded blue overalls and a patched blue shirt. He had eyes the blue-grey of the mountain sky, and a shock of tousled tawny hair.

He was looking up at her with a smile as dazzling as the morning sunshine.

To be continued

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Interesting People



GERALD HERBST

... textile experiments

TEXTILE designers in Australia can hold their own anywhere in the world, in the opinion of Gerald Herbst, Swiss art director of big Melbourne textile factory. Once a famous window-dresser in Europe, he came to Australia nine years ago and served with A.M.F. Concentrates on aboriginal art and Australian themes for designs, and says Australian designs sell better overseas than here. Designed "Old Vic" scarf given to Lady Olivier.



REV. GWEN HEWETT

... Congregational minister

AS an ordained minister of the Congregational Church, Rev. Gwen Hewett conducts funerals, weddings, and christenings, was first woman in charge of a parish in W.A., and has now accepted a parish in South Australia, her home State. Believes that "women as ministers have a contribution to make to the Church." Received her theological training at Parkin College, Adelaide, and was in China with the London Missionary Society.



JACK GELLER

... song-writer and band-leader

DESIRE to give his two children "a chance" is bringing song-writer and band-leader Jack Geller back to Australia with his wife after 20 years abroad. Writer of songs "Green Cockatoo" and "Chile Chiquita," he has ideas for songs with "a special Australian flavor," hopes to start his own band here. His wife is a classical pianist, and her musical knowledge, he declares, helped him on his way to fame in the West End and on the B.B.C.



Young party frocks

PRETTINESS is the style for young girls' party dresses. Diaphanous sheers and rustling taffeta are seen in new pastels.

The silhouette is rounded. Dresses with wide-sweeping skirts have tiny waists and beautifully detailed bodice tops. Illustrated are five beguiling examples of how a young girl should look in the ballroom.

The flowery taffeta, above left, has a sweeping skirt and moulded bodice. Next is organza, ribbon-trimmed and ruffled. Misty-blue taffeta is used, above right, in a frock with a tiny off-the-shoulder bodice. Rucked chiffon, top right, is worn with a matching cape. White organza, at right, is made with an important tiered skirt and double-tiered bertha collar.—BETTY KEEP.

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The Thirteenth Minute

Continued from page 7

BILL turned off all the lights. The bullet-hole showed up with lights from the outside room, and above it a line of small bright dots.

"Sighting-hole," he said. "Looks like it," Quentin agreed. He blacked out the line of dots. "Dead on. Lights, Bill." As the lights came on, he pulled out cigarettes from his pocket. "I haven't a match," he said.

Holmes' hand went to his vest pocket, came away empty. He searched other pockets. The Inspector held out his hand. On the palm lay a cigarette-lighter.

"This what you were looking for, Mr. Holmes?" he asked.

"Looks like it. If it's mine it has my initials."

"R.G.H.?" Quentin Darrell asked, holding it towards Holmes, who nodded, in a daze.

The Inspector pocketed the lighter. "On the floor by the table. Any explanation, Holmes?"

"None. I haven't been in here for days."

"Here's a thing, Chief," a voice broke in from the doorway, and Apps, an elderly detective, pointed to a coat he was carrying.

"Very interesting, this coat. Hangin' on a coat-tree in the hall. Anyone know the owner?"

"Certainly. It's mine," Holmes said.

"Then this is yours, too," Apps said, pulling out a long-barrelled target pistol. "Twenty-five calibre, silenced, one shot gone, fired recent. In this pocket."

"No," Holmes almost shouted.

"That's not mine. Confound you, is this a plant?"

Bill turned to Holmes and asked: "What was Iris starting to tell you just as they went on the air?"

"I don't know, Bill. All I got before Charley stopped her was something that sounded like 'Montreal, teen dresses.' It didn't make sense to me."

"It didn't, eh?" He went back to the control-room and asked the

doctor: "Was she conscious at all after the bullet hit her?"

"She might have had a few moments."

"Long enough to have done this?" Bill pointed to the underscored line.

"M-m-m. Could be."

Holmes and Quentin Darrell had followed him in. "Where can I see the old scripts—Iris' copies?" Bill asked Holmes.

"They should be on file in my office."

For half an hour Bill worked, leafing through script after script. "Right under your eyes, Dick, and so simple you never saw it," he murmured. "Iris must have, though." He worked back through six weeks' scripts and went back to the studio.

"Get hold of the phone company's long-distance manager," Bill told his brother. "Find out what number here had calls from Montreal—either on all of these dates or the day before." He handed Quentin a list of seven dates, all within the past six weeks. At the bottom of the list was a phone number. "It may be that number, but I doubt it."

"Okay, Bub, can do. Then what?" "Phone me at home. On no account go near the place which received the calls. I don't want this bird flushed."

"Well, I hope you know what you're doing, Bub. Take care of yourself."

"I usually do," Bill said lightly.

"So long, and step on it. I'll get your driver to take me home."

In his snug bachelor flat on the top floor of an old-fashioned house Bill took care of himself. The process involved about ten minutes in his laboratory and a very careful change of clothes. Much better to be careful than dead, he thought. After that he dropped into a big chair to think and doze. The door buzzer awakened him at two-thirty. He opened to the dark uniformed

figure of Quentin's chauffeur. "From the Inspector, Mr. Darrell. He said you'd see why he didn't phone when you read it," he said, handing him a note.

"This will jolt you, Bub," Quentin had written. "Only one number had calls from Montreal on all the dates you gave me. They were always between three and five in the morning, and there was a call on every date on your list. They came from Montreal pay stations and were to Raleigh 7009. How do you like that?"

Quen."

Bill looked at the telephone in front of him—Raleigh 7009. He waited until the unusual little fluttering in the pit of his stomach had eased down before saying to the chauffeur: "Right, Jake. Tell my brother I like that!"

He remained quiet, thoughtful for a few minutes, then he got up and took a torch, a pistol, and a bunch of spindly keys from his desk and went to the furnace room in the basement.

Six telephone lines entered the building beside a window, each tagged with its number. He located his own line, and painstakingly traced the wire across the ceiling. At last he found the connection, neat and well hidden. The wire was not only tapped, but looped and extended. He realised the necessity for this. They couldn't let his phone ring when the call was not for him. This explained the calls in the early morning hours when his phone could be turned off without his knowing it. The wire without a doubt went through into the basement apartment.

Outside again, looking at the basement flat, he tried to remember everything the janitor had told him about its tenant. A rich Montreal business man named Camberwell, he had said. He made frequent trips to Toronto.

Please turn to page 22

Continuing . . . Happy Voyage

from page 5

NEXT morning we arrived at Broome. I have seen Broome each time I have visited my son, and I know all about Broome's tide. Seeing the ship high and dry on the mud is no new experience, though it still impresses me, but I could not help being amused at the antics of those who had not seen it before.

The Collins' went down the gangway and set off to see the town. They came back when the tide was out and the ship down on the mud. They came back with Mrs. Hilton. All three were obviously going to walk around the ship. Already half the passengers were doing just that, walking out in the oozing mud just to be able to walk around the ship.

I thought that if I were in Mrs. Collins' place I should be very glad of a fourth member in the party. So I went up and joined them. I tried to keep with Mrs. Hilton, so as to leave the Collins' alone together. But that woman continually eluded me. Time and again I would find that it was Mrs. Collins who walked next me while Mrs. Hilton was on the other side of Collins. "This is really going too far. They are carrying on unashamedly," I thought to myself, and you can imagine how I pitied poor little Mrs. Collins.

I had done my best to warn her. Yet there was still time, still time for her to improve herself and get her husband back. As we poked about on the mud, I spoke to her out of the richness of my experience, for, after all, though we look the same age, I have seen much more of the world. And this time I

spoke plainly. I really felt I must, if I were to do my duty as a friend.

Mrs. Collins grew very silent. I knew she must be thinking, and I felt that that was gratitude enough for me. She had no need to tell me anything in words. I felt I had done my duty.

I told her I would see her in Wyndham, and asked her how long she intended staying there, but just at that moment Collins came up from back of us. Apparently he had been quite close behind us. His coming prevented Mrs. Collins from replying to me, and I thought afterwards that he probably had heard my question to her. He broke into the conversation almost as if he did not want her to speak, but, of course, that couldn't have been so. I must arrange a time for Mrs. Collins to come to see me in Wyndham.

We went back to the ship for afternoon tea. Somehow, I did not seem to see very much of Mrs. Collins after that. She always seemed to be at the other end of the deck from me, or in her cabin, though I did catch an occasional glimpse of her with Mrs. Bryatt. Of course, she was not avoiding me; one does not avoid friends who are helpful and tactful and advising, but I had expected to have a few more chats with her.

However, I did see her leave the boat at Wyndham, she and Collins. And I was able to wish her a happy holiday. I had been thinking so much about her, about the two of them, I am sure that if she follows

all my advice, that when she and her husband are alone together again, with all the glamor of the holiday to enhance her in his eyes, all will be well again.

But I hesitate to think what would have happened to their marriage if I had not done my duty. She is awake now to the danger of looking frowsy. And she had no idea before that her husband enjoyed the society of other women. I wish them a second honeymoon, though I had no opportunity of telling them so. I shall always keep a soft spot for them in my heart. I really do feel I have played an important part in their lives.

"Well, good-bye, my dear," I said to her, "when shall I see . . ." But before I could finish the sentence and make a time to meet, Collins again prevented his wife from replying. "Good-bye," he said briefly to me, and, taking his wife's arm, walked her a pace towards the gangway. Most peculiar behaviour but he would naturally be excited at going ashore and not realise what he was doing.

But they both stopped for Mrs. Bryatt. "Good-bye, dear," I heard her say to Mrs. Collins. "I hope on your return trip you won't be bothered again by any poisonous old women."

Poisonous old women! Whoever on this trip could have been a "poisonous old woman"? I had thought them all quite nice. I was really surprised at Mrs. Bryatt. A woman should never speak so about her own sex. We must all grow old some day.

(Copyright)

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



The Australian Women's Weekly — June 19, 1948

"Be Lovelier tonight!"

"My Beauty Facials bring quick new loveliness"

says

Janis Paige

"You'll be delighted with Lux Toilet Soap facials — I've found they really make skin lovelier", says Janis Paige. "Just work the rich, fragrant lather well into your skin. Rinse with warm water, then splash with cold. As you pat gently with a soft towel to dry, skin takes on fresh new beauty."

JANIS PAIGE
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Page 13



DE LISO *debs*

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SAILOR'S SNAPSHOTS

★ These snapshots of life on a sailing ship were selected from the albums of Ben Winter, a young Finnish seaman who was a member of the crew of the windjammer Viking.

His travels have taken him to five continents and his photographs are a record of hard but happy days before the mast.

Ben Winter has been sending home to Finnish papers illustrated articles on Australia. He spent some time ashore and has now gone to sea again.



ODD JOBS for passengers. A party of missionaries travelled from Finland to South Africa on Viking's latest trip and helped to repair storm-damaged sails.



VIKING in a fair breeze off Africa 95 days out from her last port in Europe. (Below) Stormy winter seas in the North Atlantic.



STARBOARD WATCH shortens sail 100 feet aloft. (Below, left): Sea tradition says that souls of old sailors are reincarnated in albatrosses, so birds are welcomed aboard. Polish boy in picture, Ronale Majewski, now lives in N.S.W.



SHIP'S PETS. Four cats—black and white, white, black, and grey—"signed on" the Viking from four different continents. They are photographed with young crew members.



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it's MILO you want. MILO helps to soothe the nerves, banish fatigue, relax the body. It's the perfect nightcap.



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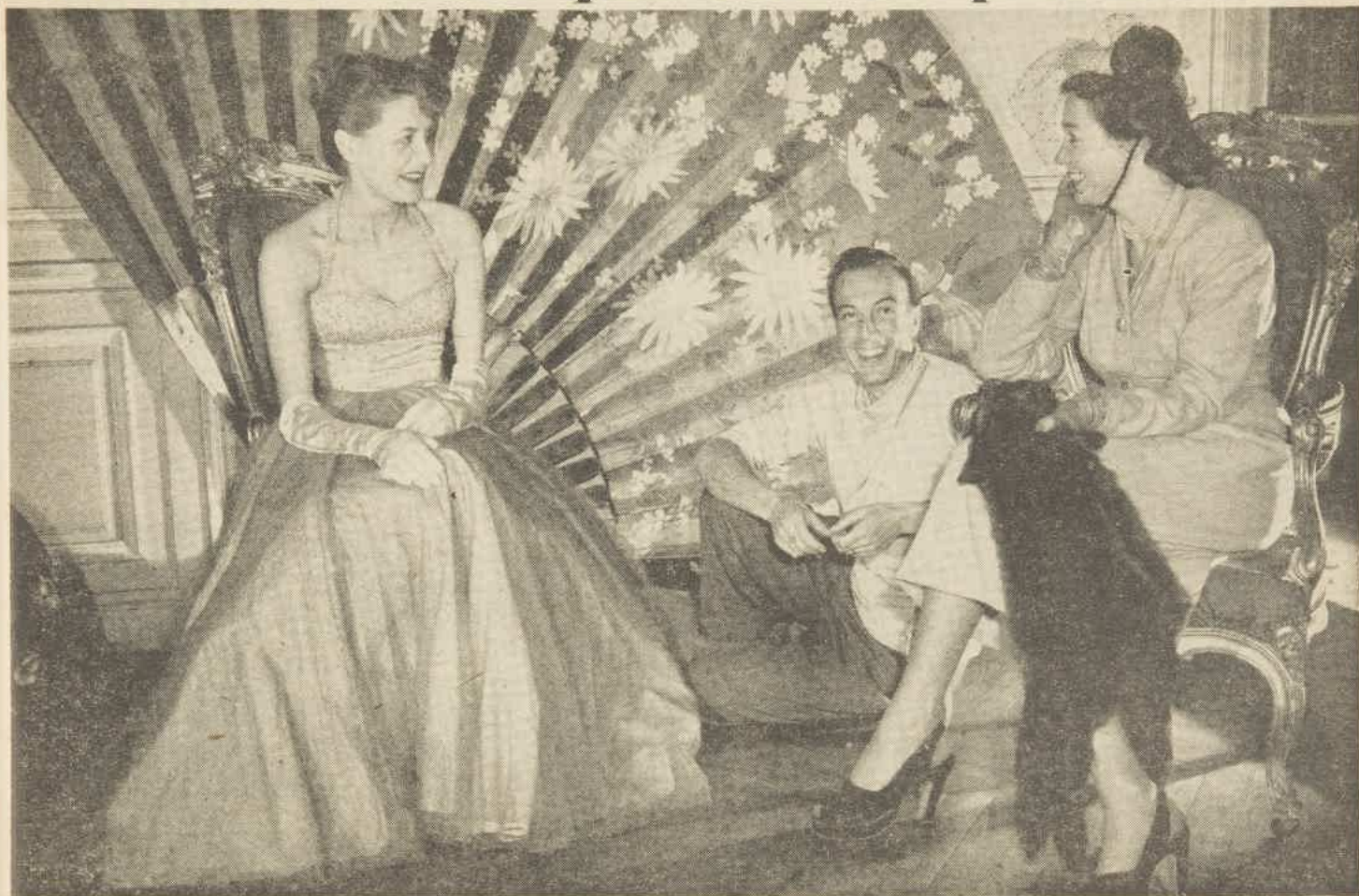
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The Tonic for the Times

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

Our French mannequins are the pick of Paris



MAYA, one of the four French mannequins who will come to Australia for our 1948 Paris Fashion Parades, is posed for a color photograph against a Chinese fan for background. Jacques Fath, who designed this evening gown for his wife, and Mrs. Mary Hordern, our fashion editor, look on.

Tall blonde, brunette, redhead, "little girl" type will wear 1948 collection

By MARY HORDERN

Our fashion editor, who went to Paris to choose mannequins and clothes for our 1948 Paris Fashion Parades

When it came to choosing the mannequins for The Australian Women's Weekly Paris Fashion Parades this year I felt quite nervous.

We had such success with the first two teams that I was afraid it would be difficult to do the hat trick in 1948. And also couturiers, who build dresses in their collections on the mannequins who will wear them, were beginning to eye me warily, knowing the prize I had to offer—a trip to Australia—was a top-notch, and there wasn't a mannequin in all Paris who wouldn't drop everything to go.

A LOT of the work in getting together a first-class collection depends on the co-operation of the couturiers.

So a good deal of tact and diplomacy is required, for I have to pick and choose not only the best of their creations (which, of course, they like), but also the *creme-de-la-creme* of their girls—which they don't like very much.

However, word went round Paris that all the applicants were to present themselves on a certain day at an appointed place and hour.

The judges were M. Caldagues, the tall, grey-haired, good-looking, and distinguished Director of Publicity for the French couturiers as a whole—the *Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne*, Madame Caroline Chambrelent, always setting the high standard the French *couture* demands for deportment, chic, and that elusive something without which no mannequin can model—a hair for clothes; M. Lou Clavery, with the eagle eye of the male to

appraise or condemn; and myself.

In came the mannequins one after another.

To my joy I recognised Mouny, one of the leading girls in all Paris. Outstanding in every way, she outshone all the others.

With glee I nudged Mme. Chambrelent and she gave a little movement of approval.

"Trying to appear nonchalant, so that the less fortunate candidates wouldn't notice, I gave her full marks—20 out of 20."

Then appeared some poor, pathetic candidates who had come from all over France, hopeful that their faces, figures, or charm would bring them in line for a chance to visit Australia.

But they hadn't the slightest knowledge of clothes, deportment, and all that goes to make up a mannequin work.

Then in came Yanick—lovely red hair with lights flashing in it as though the sun were shining on copper, legs and feet so beautiful she reminded me of a thoroughbred

pony, fine chiselled features, an adorable smile, creamy complexion, and dimples.

Twenty out of twenty I marked down again without hesitation.

Then some very good girls passed down the line. Recognising them as stars from the best-known fashion houses, I wondered what their directors thought of the prospect of a general evacuation.

My attention was riveted on the most lovely of them all.

Down the line passed Paule. What a figure! What a carriage!

Her waist, almost the smallest in the room, was certainly the smallest of our team.

Taller than I am, and with dignity, poise, and allure, she looked a little aloof, her beautiful light brown eyes so intelligent and serious.

Then someone cracked a joke. Immediately her face broke into the loveliest laughing smile with dimples.

I was quite decided—a brunette, a redhead, a small blonde.

Search for blonde

I HAD chosen these three on my card, and all the other girls in the parade seemed to duplicate one or other of these three types.

I thought of Lydia, our platinum blonde of last year, and I couldn't bear to break the continuity of our team, which must include a blonde, a brunette, a redhead, and a "little girl" type.

So, a little concerned at dismissing so many lovely girls, I held firm to my determination to have a tall blonde.

And that afternoon I went to Robert Piguet not to see the collection, just to look about.

The onlookers must have been rather startled to hear the remarks I really meant for Maya. "What a lovely, lovely girl. I wish I could

FOR THE THIRD TIME

TRADITION of glamor already set by the French mannequins brought to Australia for The Australian Women's Weekly Paris Fashion Parades last year and the year before will be upheld this year by the four girls chosen by our fashion editor, Mary Hordern. They are Mouney Neussbaum, Paule Paulus, Yanick Guichard, and Maya Leroy.

For this year's parades Mrs. Hordern has selected 90 models from leading French fashion houses. She has included in our collection every type of wear, from the most formal evening gowns to casual and sports clothes.

The 1948 parades open in Sydney on August 16 with a ball at Prince's, and will continue in Sydney until August 27. Four parades as well as the first ball will be at Prince's, the rest at the Trocadero. After the Sydney season the parades will go to other States.

take her to Australia to complete my team."

Blue eyes were suddenly wide with excitement as she passed in her spring model.

She responded to her call, made her "tour" serene, dignified, unmoved, turning carefully from side to side to show the gown to perfection.

The "tour" over, the dignified figure turned into a little girl who rushed towards me with face alive and eyes pleading.

"Are you Madame Hordern, are you the one who takes the girls to Australia?"

"Oh, do take me, please, do take me."

My blonde is found, I thought.

Then came hard work, the arduous and seemingly endless task of fittings.

Each girl will work in Paris right up till the moment of her departure.

The dress houses for which they work need them, as collections are shown every afternoon in Paris and in the mornings there are fittings for the mid-season collections, and later on for the August collections.

So from the moment they became part of my team they had to have, in addition to their own work, five

fittings each for each of the twenty frocks each girl will wear in our collections.

And all this had to be crammed into the three weeks before the first part of the collections was flown out to Australia.

Luncheon and evening appointments, even hair appointments had to go by the board. It was one non-stop round of fittings and matching hats and accessories.

Now the last weeks are approaching, the last fittings of the mid-season collections are taking place, the finishing touches to our collections are being made.

The girls' vaccinations start next.

Then there will be visas, last-minute shopping, packing, farewells.

They are very responsible girls, this team. They are charming, dignified, capable.

They are the loveliest girls in all Paris, chosen to wear the loveliest clothes from the smartest salons.

I have chosen them for their looks and carriage, but I have grown to love them for their charm and warm, affectionate natures.

I am very proud of my girls.

Pictures of our mannequins, see pages 20-21

THE VALUE OF MONEY

THE Australian citizen will watch the bustling reorganisation of price control with some anxiety and the faint hope that out of it all will come some improvement in his purchasing power.

One of the most frustrating things about present-day conditions is the feeling that the workers' prosperity is an illusion.

In those legendary days "before the war," a tradesman, artisan, or white collar worker who was reasonably secure in his job could plan to buy out of income some of the luxuries of life—a refrigerator, a car, a home.

To-day, despite constant employment and higher wages, he finds himself with less hope of acquiring these desirable possessions, prices of which have risen astronomically in spite of existing controls.

This condition is not peculiar to Australia. In U.S.A., a government cost of living survey shows that families with lower incomes have been squeezed right out of the market for homes, furniture, and cars.

The possession of such material luxuries as cars and refrigerators may not be essential to a satisfying life. But it is important that workers who want them as the rewards of labor should not feel that they are within reach of only a favored few.

To keep up the purchasing power of money is therefore one of the most pressing problems of the times.

Price control, if it is to be rewarding to the whole community, must achieve this.

WORTH Reporting

BUTCH



"On second thoughts, maybe I'd better just leave the necklace where it is, lady."

Sorry, Mr. Crosby

NOT many musicians get the chance to say "No" to a Hollywood offer coming from the old maestro Bing Crosby himself, but trumpeter-crooner Mollie Byron, leader of Melbourne's only all-girl dance band, did so two years ago.

Well known to Australian radio audiences as crooner on A.B.C. variety shows, attractive, deep-voiced Mollie decided to take time off to study the trumpet with Frank "Mama" Johnson, known as "the daddy of the brass bands."

The offer came shortly afterwards from Bing Crosby who had heard some of Mollie's recordings and wanted her to go to America. But the call of the trumpet proved too strong, and Mollie decided to finish her studies.

Now, with her own combination of the "Slick Chicks," beating out her orchestral arrangements five nights a week at the Melbourne Treaders, Mollie feels that the refusal was justified.

The seven members of the band are all under 30, wear a uniform outfit of black evening skirts and red velvet jackets embroidered with the band's initials in white, and are all firmly chaperoned under Mollie's wing.

One of her rules is that the girls are not allowed to take to the dance floor while they're "on the job." And she keeps a motherly eye on the youngest member, 15-year-old Beryl Wright, who plays saxophone, clarinet, and "fiddle."

During the war Mollie sang with an all-Australian band of twelve for the American Forces exclusively and still sings over the air. But the band is her absorbing interest. "There's only one minor change listed," she told us. "I don't like the name 'Slick Chicks,' so later we're going to change it to the Off Beats."

Girl migrants

WE met a girl selling carnation seedlings at Paddy's Market in Sydney, and judged from her accent that she hadn't been long here from England. We learned she'd been here only a couple of days.

During the war years two Londoners—Kitty Jeffrey and Connie Riccardi, now 23—both telephonists on the London telephone exchange, became firm friends and decided they'd see the world.

They came out on a migrant ship took jobs as horticultural workers the morning after their arrival, and next day Kitty started at the market.

What they most want to see here is a girl life-saving team in action. They've heard that life-savers not only risk their necks voluntarily to drag people out of the surf, but also pay club fees for the privilege. The girls would like to see what these muscular athletes look like.

Kitty also wants to trace her only relative in Australia—a cousin, formerly Maude Scott, of Canning Town, London, who came out years ago and married here. Kitty's family then lived at Forest Gate.

Old newspaper

A READER has lent us a copy of "The Times" of November 7, 1805, containing the despatches of Vice-Admiral Collingwood describing the battle of Trafalgar.

We were interested not only in this account of the battle, the death of Nelson, and the comments of "The Times," but in the advertisements in the first column of the front page.

Here among others, was one that proved that business acumen was as sharp then as now.

Messrs. Colnaghi, of Cockspur Street, Haymarket, advertised: "This day is published a portrait of Lord Nelson, from a Picture painted by J. Hoppner, R.A., for His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. To be had at Messrs. Colnaghi, and at the Engraver's, 62 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury."

Among the other ads, was one that suggested a personal loss which, for its inserter, no doubt overshadowed the national joy at the victory and the grief for Nelson.

It reads: "Lost, an old pointer dog, white with red spots, answers to the name of BASTO, almost blind, one eye quite gone. Any person bringing the said dog to No 158, Scarslow St., Piccadilly, shall receive ONE GUINEA reward, and reasonable expenses paid."

CAUTIONARY TALE: We noted a red van parked in Flinders Lane, Melbourne, the other day. The back was boldly lettered in white, with arrows pointing to the off and near sides, reading "Passing Side" and "Suicide."

Tree in a shop

A SHOP on the Prince's Highway at Stirling, in the Adelaide Hills, has an oak tree between 40 and 50 feet high growing through its roof.

The butt of the trunk measures nearly four feet through. The tree is probably between 60 and 70 years old.

The shop has been owned for the past six years by Mr. Jack Menill, who conducts a mixed business, selling fruit, vegetables and cool drinks.

"It was built 50 years ago, I understand," Mr. Menill informed us.

Originally, the tree was part of a tea-garden. A table and seats surrounded it. Then the premises were extended, until eventually the tree was incorporated.

"In summer it provides us with wonderful shade, and people coming in always comment on the coolness of the shop," he added.

Plumpness fashionable

WILLOWY figures are out, and plump figures are all the rage, so the four French mannequins who are coming to Australia for our Paris Fashion Parades told Anne Matheson, of our London office.

These girls, Mouney Neustbaum, Yvonne Guichard, Paule Paulus, and Maya Leroy, are a little bigger than the average French mannequin and resemble the Australian girl in figure. They want to become even plumper in Australia.

"We hope the sun and surf and outdoor life will help us to put on weight and add curves," they said. "We want to come back fatter and healthier, with a natural glow."

That is what every Paris fashion house asks for now.

Some houses say: "Only plump mannequins need apply." One of these houses is Carven, whose young clothes are shown on young girls.

The four mannequins want to achieve full bosoms, rounded hips, curved shoulders, plump arms and dimpled elbows.

But they must keep their tiny waists.

"We have specially fitted garters to keep our waists neat," they said.

The "Gay Pierre," as it is called, nips the waist in and throws out the hips. It has back lacing and can be tightened till there is scarcely room to breathe.

IT SEEMS TO ME

By

Dorothy Drain

THAT admirable material, nylon, now encases my legs instead of being wound round a reel. In other words, I'm back to the metropolis, having left plenty of better fish in the sea than ever came out of it.

If my school essays on "How I spent my holidays" were extant, they would probably be fused to describe exactly the same kind of holiday as the one I've just had, composed of picnic fires, fishing, and lovely empty beaches.

THERE comes a time when you like to know what to expect on a holiday; violent change loses its charm.

No doubt this is a dangerous attitude, and could eventually develop to the stage described in a story I once read.

The author's name I've forgotten, but it concerned an elderly bachelor who lived with his sister. He complained to a friend that the thrush which normally built its nest in a tree in his garden was building it that year in the hedge.

"Perhaps it's a different thrush," suggested the acquaintance.

"That's just it," said the bachelor. "At our time of life we feel we can't stand a change of thrush."

TO come back to this office which is in a flurry of Paris fashions, is something of a shock after a month in shorts, shirt and grimy sand-shoes.

There is a French saying that when you go away the centre of the world moves with you, and that when you come back it is surprising to find that the centre has stayed behind all the time.

That's very true, as you find when your mind is still running on a new-found interest in botany and shellfish, while the conversation of your friends runs on the new allround and what will happen to prices.

THE botany interest was stirred by a book on Australian wildflowers and some difficulty with botanical terms.

Consequently I've started from the beginning with a battered old English textbook for children which begins, with surprising sex discrimination: "Come with me, boys into the garden."

I can only think that when it was written botany was considered an improper subject for girls. Too much like the birds and the bees.

AS for shellfish, that began with the discovery that digging up pips for bait when they are scarce can be nearly as exciting as fishing.

The pip is a bivalve, one of the wedge shells, that lives in the sand on ocean beaches. One school favors digging a knife into the sand to discover it.

The other method, which Miss Joyce Allan, conchologist at the Australian Museum in Sydney, tells me was favored by the aborigines, is a kind of hula motion with the toes.

The latter is easier on the back but disastrous to toenails.

Miss Allan says that the name "ugari" given to it on some Queensland beaches was an aboriginal name, and that in South Australia it is sold in shops for bait or food under the name of "Goolwa Cockle."

ONE last wistful note as reality encroaches:

What's the score and how's the war?

Will medicine be free?

The seagulls soar beyond the shore. But not, alas, for me.

How much will eggs cost if not pegged?

And how's the price of tea?

Oh, fish disport without a thought of tax or subsidy.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"Could we borrow a little power for our waffle iron?"

You can have plastic for your bathroom, your kitchen, for the whole house.

We asked our informant what the plastic floors look like. "A cross between concrete and linoleum," was the reply.

Because at shortages of raw materials colors are limited to five. The dance floor has a warm, reddish-brown speckled surface.

To clean this type of flooring, which can be laid over wood or concrete, you treat it as you would linoleum, polishing with floor-wax.

Plastic dance floor

AT Heidelberg, Victoria, a Clifton Hill firm has just laid what is believed to be the first plastic dance floor in Australia.

Seamless, dustless, fireproof, it might smoulder for a bit, but is definitely non-inflammable. The floor is designed from a special formula to provide the fastness required for dancing.

The firm concerned is snowed under with orders for plastic floors for all purposes—it makes nothing but floors. You set out your requirements—the firm turns out the most suitable type of floor for the job.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go with **COLONEL BARTON:** In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board the yacht *Argos* is **BETTY:** His daughter. A new clue in their search for the pearls leads them to Tago Isle. Natives tell them the island is ruled by an old woman known as

THE WITCH OF TAGO: Who lives in a house on the highest peak. On the way there, they see a witch's figure floating through the air, yet are admitted a few seconds later by the old witch herself. She imprisons them in an underground chamber, then demonstrates her powers by taking the shape first of a young girl, then of a child. **NOW READ ON:**



BEWILDERED, THEY LOOK AT MANDRAKE. "THIS SURELY IS BLACK MAGIC! HOW ELSE CAN YOU EXPLAIN IT?" CRIES BARTON. -- "THERE ARE SEVERAL POSSIBLE WAYS," BEGINS MANDRAKE -- BUT HE DOES NOT FINISH --



AT THAT MOMENT, THERE IS A CLANKING SOUND, AS A STEEL PANEL LOWERS IN THE BARRED DOORWAY. THEY CAN HEAR THE MOCKING CACHE OF THE WITCH OF TAGO. "AND NOW YOU DIE, YOU WHO CAME TO ROB ME OF MY TREASURES."



WITH THE DOORWAY SHUT OFF, THEY ARE IN TOTAL DARKNESS. THEN, THE WALLS BEGIN TO GLOW RED, THE COLOR OF FIRE! "WE'LL BE BURNED TO CINDERS IN THIS DUNGEON," CRIES BARTON. "THERE'S NO WAY OUT."



MANDRAKE LOOKS AROUND -- THEN STARTS TO TOUCH THE WALL. "DON'T TOUCH IT!" JUNE CRIES. "YOU'LL BE BURNED."



BUT HE DOES TOUCH IT -- AND PULLS OPEN A SMALL STONE DOOR! "THE WALLS ARE COLD!" HE EXCLAIMS. "THEY ARE PAINTED WITH A LUMINOUS PAINT SO THAT THEY WILL APPEAR RED-HOT!"



THEY ENTER THE SMALL EXIT AND CREEP THROUGH LOW TUNNEL. "HOW MARVELLOUS THAT YOU FOUND THIS ESCAPE," CRIES BETTY. OTHERWISE, WE WOULD HAVE DIED IN THAT HORRIBLE DUNGEON. -- "NOT SO MARVELLOUS," SAYS MANDRAKE. "THE DOOR WAS WAITING TO BE OPENED."



THE TUNNEL OPENS ON THE SIDE OF A CLIFF, BELOW THE WITCH'S HOUSE. "WHAT DID YOU MEAN BY THAT?" ASKS BARTON. -- "I MEANT THAT THE WITCH MEANT US TO ESCAPE AND THAT SHE'S NOT AS BLACK AS SHE'S PAINTED," REPLIES MANDRAKE.



BUT HOW DID SHE RIDE THROUGH AIR ON A BROOMSTICK?" ASKS BARTON. "AND HOW COULD SHE CHANGE HERSELF INTO A YOUNG WOMAN, AND INTO A CHILD? AND WHY HAS SHE LET US ESCAPE?"

TO BE CONTINUED

TALKING OF FILMS

By

Marjorie Beckingsale

★★★ Summer Holiday

NOW and again we come across a film which is as refreshing as a cool breeze on a summer day.

A simple, healthy plot spiced with some satire is more than welcome, and MGM provides this in its technicolor "Summer Holiday" at the Liberty.

It is sheer fun from start to finish, and grandly decorated with some charming acting.

I scarcely expected such a film to be the screen version of a play by Eugene O'Neill, whose long, turgid dramas and deeply involved plots usually provide the serious side of theatre and screen entertainment.

Many years ago I saw Walter Huston in his first film, and ever since have seen him with pleasure.

Micky Rooney and Gloria de Haven make a good puppy-love team, with Rooney as the know-it-all student, and Gloria the shy, pouting young miss of his affection.

★★★ All My Sons

★ B.F.'s Daughter

JUST how necessary a good, taut script is to a drama is exemplified by two films just released.

"All My Sons" (Universal International), which is showing at the Lyceum, is a fine picture which gives its splendid cast, headed by Edward G. Robinson and Burt Lancaster, every chance to make the most of their lines.

"B.F.'s Daughter" (MGM), showing at the St. James, is a rambling, indecisive adaptation of J. P. Marquand's novel, which leans far too heavily on the personality of Barbara Stanwyck, who struggles valiantly against overwhelming odds.

Oddly enough, both films have similar messages—man's responsibility to his fellow man.

Briefly, the story of "All My Sons" is that of a self-made man whose deliberate shipping of defective motors for war planes results in many deaths.

The plot is developed so well and with such straightforward simplicity by Chester Erskine that I am sure Arthur Miller, who wrote the original stage play, must be completely contented with the result.

"B.F.'s Daughter" deals with a millionaire's daughter who tries to run her husband's life through the power of her money.

Barbara Stanwyck is competent as always, and her efforts as well as those of veteran Charles Coburn hold the weak screen presentation together.

Van Heflin isn't the actor he used to be, and seems to be developing a too casual attitude towards his work.

★★ The Courtneys of Curzon Street

MOST films which ladle out sentimentality and patriotism come from Hollywood, but England has one director-producer, Herbert Wilcox, who wins audience approval with outside doses of family life and patriotic emotion. Wilcox invariably includes every cliché in situation and dialogue known to the film industry, and they can be seen and heard in "The Courtneys of Curzon Street," which stars his wife, Anna Neagle, and Michael Wilding.

It is impossible to refrain from comparing the film with Coward's famous "Cavalcade," to which it has a similar pattern.

Of the two stars, Michael Wilding does the better job.

I am surprised that Wilcox is not more careful about the photographing of his wife. Her acting often is spoiled by unbecoming camera angles. The film is at the New Palace.



Our mannequin



MAYA LEROY

Maya learned to walk, she says, when she danced in the Folies-Bergere. She doubled for Marlene Dietrich in the Paris cabaret film "Marrin Roumagnac," and her big blue eyes, shiny fair hair, high cheekbones certainly have the Dietrich look.

Maya learned to swim on the beaches of Tunisia, and is looking forward to surfing here.

She models for Robert Piguet.

PREPARATIONS IN PARIS for The Australian Women's Weekly Paris Fashion Parades. Mrs. Mary Hordern, fashion editor, reads afternoon appointments to the four mannequins who will come to Australia for the parades, after a morning in couturiers' fitting-rooms and lunch in the Bois. The girls are (from left) Yanick Guichard, Paule Paulus, Maya Leroy, Mouney Neussbaum. Behind Mrs. Hordern is her French secretary, Anne Marie.



PAULE PAULUS

Paule Tall, dark, and thoughtful-looking, Paule, eldest of the girls, takes her job, and her own life, seriously.

Her English is perfect, and she can converse on any subject of general interest.

Until recently she mannequined for Christian Dior, and has had important engagements in Brussels and on the French Riviera, where the Paris dress collections are shown when the pressure of the Paris season is relaxed.

Paule thinks Mrs. Ray Milland the best-dressed woman who comes to Paris. She says Mrs. Milland has distinction and knows how to dress up to her prematurely grey hair.

When she left school, Paule went to a shorthand and typing college, and could still take a job as a stenographer if she wanted one. Love of beautiful fabrics attracted her to a salon instead, and in a few months she was chosen to be a mannequin.



YANICK G. designed by

Yanick

IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE. Mrs. Mary Hordern fits Maya's skirt over her playsuit of green-and-black cloque cotton. Paule wears a blue-and-white trimmed cloque cotton dress with sailor collar. Both outfits are from Marcel Rochas.

a quartet busy with fittings in Paris



ONE OF THE NEW SHOE STYLES in the Paris collection which will be shown in the Paris Fashion Parades. Mlle Mad (right), brilliant designer of Mad Carpentier's clothes, watches shoes designed by her being tried on by Maya.



MOUNY NEUSSBAUM

Mouny

Because so many mannequins are called Simone, this charming French model changed her name to the diminutive—Mouny.

She was to have come to Australia last year, but she says she was in love, and "thought it more important than travel."

"Now I have had a disappointment, but Mrs. Hordern has asked me to go this year, so I will soon forget about my love," says Mouny.

(Mad and Mouny (right) try on beachwear by Jean (centre), who specialises in clothes for young girls.

Yanick Outdoor girl, good at basketball, swimming, and horseback riding, Yanick is looking forward eagerly to her visit to Australia. She comes from Brittany, and her golden coloring is rare in Paris. It has some resemblance to that of the titian-blondes of Northern Italy.

She is tall and brown-eyed. Her russet hair falls in an interesting full fringe all over her forehead.

Yanick has been a mannequin in Germaine Lecomte's salon for two years.

She has a poised and sophisticated manner, but beneath it is the happy, unclouded outlook of a girl not long from school.

An expert at making rum pancakes, for which Brittany is noted, Yanick likes to sing.



YANICK GUICHARD

NEW-LENGTH TROUSERS laced with yellow linen cord are part of navy sports suit worn by Mouny, and the matching boots are being examined by Mrs. Mary Hordern. Mme Jacques Heim is second from the left, and Yanick, wearing a red cotton beach-frock, is on the right.



B

ILL returned to his own flat, lifted the receiver and dialled the number which rang back on the calling telephone. He heard the ring, loud, in the basement flat. He waited until he was certain that there was to be no answer from the basement apartment then he went down, and after trying out several keys found one that opened the door. He went in.

The darkness was intense. His torchlight showed him why. Every window was covered with thick dark cloth. He found the switch pulled on the light, then lifted and dropped the telephone receiver to quiet the hideous ringing. As he expected there was a switch beside the telephone to cut off his own instrument.

One end of the room was furnished conventionally, but at the other was a work-bench covered with an array of tools, a litter of wire, and other things that marked the radio worker. Under the bench, pushed far back behind a pile of stripped sets, was the thing Bill hoped to find—a small suitcase which looked like a portable radio, but wasn't. The cover was still damp in one end, almost invisible was a small round hole, which had to be there. V-shaped sighting notches were filed into the chrome plate locks at each end.

Inside was right, too. The tiny battery-driven radio set had no speaker but a magnet whose moving coil was fitted to pull a trigger. Beside it were steel clamps shaped to hold a pistol. The rest of the space was fitted with an ingenious filter circuit.

Then he noticed a large cupboard near the end of the bench, and found it contained hundreds of

radio tubes—all in their colored cartons.

Quite a stock, just for camouflage, he said, and was closing the door when he suddenly had an idea. He looked at the cartons again. The tubes were of an obsolete type, and, unwrapping one, he found in the corrugated wrapping two small packets of white powder, bitter to the taste. "Heroin," Bill said then went on to a larger carton. The powder in this was less bitter, but left an odd numb feeling on the tongue—"and cocaine!"

He had just put back the tube cartons when the telephone rang. He felt no surprise when the operator said, "Montreal calling," but he felt his blood pounding when a girl's voice said: "Bill, darling, I am so sorry to wake you up. Are you all right?"

"Oh, oh, yes, fine. So glad to hear from you."

"You do not sound glad," the girl's voice said petulantly. "You do not say what you usually do."

So that's it, he thought—innocent chatter with some code phrase I should use to confirm my identity. It's difficult, as things are. Either she was quick on the uptake or long familiarity had made her careless. "Ah, you are not alone. Bad boy. Well, no matter. I wanted only a tell you that our friends are well. Colonel Cain is a little short of breath, but Herr Owen is splendid. They will be up to see you the day after to-morrow."

"Pine," said Bill. "What train?"

"Oh, not by train. With the car."

There was no warning. Intent on the girl's voice and its sinisterly ambiguous message, Bill heard nothing behind him until darkness came with the sharp click of the switch. In the same moment hands on

The Thirteenth Minute

Continued from page 13

his throat hurried him back and down. When he stopped rolling he was half sitting against the wall with a blinding light in his eyes. Behind the light a dark figure centred a pistol at his chest.

"Too bad, Darrell," said a voice behind the light. "You really should not have interfered. You see, do you not, that I have no choice but to kill you?" Then, regretfully, "I will have to burn your body and my little nest with it. Unfortunately that I should have set up my headquarters in the very house of so distinguished a criminologist, but one must take what one can get these days."

The pistol coughed and spouted orange once, twice, again. Bill felt the bullets strike just over his heart, he slid slowly down on his back against the wall. Quickly the killer began piling the contents of the cupboard into large cartons which he brought from another room; when the cupboard was empty he took the cartons out, one by one—obviously to a waiting car. He came back after the last one was gone, built a bonfire of waste paper and furniture, carried the limp body of the detective to the bench, laid it flat above the pile of kindling, the strange little suitcase radio beside it, then set it all alight.

The evening papers had the story. A wretched tenant had smelted smoke in time to save the building, but the basement apartment had been gutted and a charred body had been found in the ruins. The police were of the opinion that the body was that of another tenant in the same building—a Mr. Bill Darrell.

In Studio L, as the clock crept up towards eight again, the atmosphere was thick with tension. Most of those who had been there at the time of the murder were there again, but certain changes had been carried out under the Chief Inspector's watchful eye. A bulky package was on a table.

Just before deadline Quentin Darrell strode to the announcer's desk, laid a script before Roger Fry and spoke briefly. His words were not audible to anyone else in the room. The signal came on and Holmes finger shot out, but the announcer did not speak his usual formula, he read what Quentin had given him.

"Instead of Leland Archer's commentary, usually heard at this time, we present a most unusual actuality broadcast. Last night, as many of our listeners know, Miss Iris Horn was murdered in the studio from which I now speak. To-night we hope to unmask her murderer, who is, we believe, here in the studio with us."

"This was a most unusual and skillfully planned murder. The killer had no apparent contact with his weapon or his victim. He was in a lighted room and in full view of five persons when he fired the fatal shot. The device which made this possible was operated by his voice. Mr. Bill Darrell, who discovered this, was not burned to death as reported, and he will tell you his story now—Mr. Darrell."

Bill's voice came clearly from the speakers. "I regret not being there with you, but I was burned and badly bruised, and they won't let me out of hospital. Here is advice for the man responsible for my present condition. Always shoot your victims in the head or neck—the torso is too easily protected by a bullet-proof jacket."

"The man who killed Iris Horn is the local head, perhaps even the big boss, of a dope ring. Shipments are sent up regularly from Montreal, and the man here evolved a simple method of informing his local pedlars where distribution would take place."

"Miss Horn discovered the method of conveying information, was about to expose it, and died."

Your Coupons

TEA: 24-32 (to June 27).
BUTTER: 22-24 (expiry June 27, when 22-27 become available).
MEAT: Red, 50-55 (54-56 available June 28), blue, 51 and 50 (51, 52 available June 28).
CLOTHING: 1-36 (1947), 1-36 (1948).

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Q

UENTIN DARRELL, sitting on the edge of Bill's hospital bed, said: "Well, it worked nicely."

"Let's get this straight," Dick Holmes said. "How was he using the broadcasts?"

Bill traced a large 13 in the air with a bandaged hand. "Always in the thirteenth minute. If there was a shipment to distribute the next day, he used a piece of local news, with an address, in that minute. Preferably a quiet street where he could park and not be noticed. The pedlars just strolled up one at a time and got their orders from the car. If anyone got curious, there was nothing in the car but a few boxes of radio tubes."

"How did Iris know?"

"Partly Archer's carelessness, partly her own curiosity. Once or twice he either had to make up an item or to change the address so as to get into a quiet street. Iris was the sort of girl who'd notice that. Then, worst of all, he used her own street, one day when there was a crash in it. It's only supposition, but I think she must have seen him."

Quentin nodded. "And what put you on to it?"

"Just that I used to know Archer. He was a natural-born crook, and he worked in telephone labs for years. And then, of course, I recognised his voice when he surprised me up at the flat."

Dick Holmes looked glum. "It was nice work, Bill—wish I'd been running a newspaper instead of this show—made a great story—can't help thinking of the headlines I'd have put up."

The Darrell brothers looked at each other askance. Suddenly Bill gave a loud guffaw. "Well, can you beat that?" he said between laughs.

(Copyright)

Cupid and the Baby Sitter



WINTER WEATHER IS 'B.O.' WEATHER TOO

Because of hot, stuffy rooms and heavier clothing, the risk of "B.O." is often greater still in winter. All the more reason to make sure you're doubly safe from offending by using Lifebuoy in your daily bath or shower.



THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."



Rinso's THICKER, RICHER SUDS cut out the rub and scrub

Scrubbing at clothes to get them white went out with crinolines! Rinso makes washday an easy day for you AND for your clothes. A whisk or two with the copper stick... and those thicker, richer suds do ALL the hard work. Almost before you know it, your wash is done... sheets, towels, frocks and shirts looking like Sunday-bests!



RECOMMENDED FOR OVER 30 LEADING WASHING MACHINES

The Australian Women's Weekly—June 19, 1948

Does Rheumatism run in families

Rheumatism costs Australians more than five million pounds a year in expenses and lost incomes. It is puzzling that Rheumatism is so often troublesome to otherwise healthy people.

The theory that Rheumatism runs in families is still being investigated but it does appear that some people, otherwise healthy, are more susceptible to Rheumatism than others.

Rheumatism and its kindred ailments—Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder weaknesses, Dizziness, Headaches and simple High Blood Pressure—are thought to be caused by either of two factors—

1. An injury.
2. Accumulation of bacterial poisons and uric acid in the system.

Three generations praise MENTHOIDS

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a tried and proven family treatment that has brought relief from the painful, crippling poisons of bacteria and uric acid to generations of Australians. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment.

How the MENTHOIDS treatment acts

Menthoids are not simply a pain reliever. Menthoids treat the cause of your aches and pains. A large proportion of drugs and medicines are so changed in the digestive system that their healing and medicinal properties are greatly reduced. In order that Menthoids may exert their beneficial action on kidneys, bladder and blood stream the prescription includes medicaments that maintain their effective properties after passing through the digestive tract. Get a bottle of Menthoids to-day and let the Menthoids treatment rid you of that unhappy depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

If you are suffering, these letters will interest you—

"About twelve years ago I collapsed and was taken to hospital where I was informed that I was suffering from High Blood Pressure which affected the heart. I found it very difficult to walk and absolutely impossible to carry any parcels, etc."

"I met a man who, when hearing of my case, suggested that I try Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and I went and bought a bottle straight away."

"This was twelve years ago, as mentioned before, and a year ago I went and got a check-up by the doctors and they told me that there was a wonderful improvement in my condition. In fact they found it hard to believe that I could be so well and hearty after my experience and seeing that I am 73 years of age."

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) Chas. F.

"I am writing this letter on behalf of my Mother (aged 77) who for months has been suffering from severe aches and pains in her hips and back and at times found it difficult to stand up after sitting on a chair for a short time. She also found it agony to crawl around the house without having to lay down at ten-minute intervals, but, since taking your wonderful Menthoids, she has been able to walk quickly, eat and sleep well and feels and looks a different woman. She cannot express her praise too highly for Menthoids and wishes you to use this letter as you think fit."

I am,
Yours gratefully,
(Sgd.) Mrs. M.M.

"I have been taking your Menthoids for some time—it was my last desperate effort to get something to relieve my Kidney Trouble from which I have suffered for many years..."

"After three months on Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids I had a test made and I am glad to say I am now free from such trouble—due to your wonderful Menthoids alone... I have been a tram conductor for 20 years and out in all weathers and I have never felt better."

Yours truly,
(Sgd.) A.C.

Start a course of Menthoids to-day

If you suffer from simple High Blood Pressure, constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney or Bladder Weaknesses, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago or similar ailments, get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address, and send to:

British Medical Laboratories, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney
and your Menthoids will reach you by return mail. Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.



Do you know

That an impure blood stream may deposit crippling uric acid and bacterial poisons in every part of your body, muscles, joints and nerves?

That these poisons often cause simple High Blood Pressure, Kidney Troubles and all kinds of Rheumatic Aches and Pains?

That Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help to clear the poisons that cause these painful, distressing ailments from your system?

That Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids contain no harmful drugs and are safe for the most delicate patient and the continued use of this great blood medicine can only do you good?

That Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a natural prescription, a great blood medicine containing Thionine, that has helped sufferers from all parts of the Empire for over a quarter of a century?





COUNTRY GUESTS, Jeanette and "Mac" Falkner, of Boonoke, Conargo, attend Peter Pan Wool Ball at Romano's when they are down in Sydney for Sheep Show.

Intimate Gittings

UNUSUAL choice of Saturday night for a gay social "do" evidently pleases many folk, for Romano's was packed to capacity for Peter Pan Wool Ball.

Nearly everyone arrived early, and frocks, furs, and many short hair-styles worn were really perfect. Woollen gowns were in a multitude of lovely shades and styles, and Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones had a busy time choosing the two most attractive.

After much thought she decided that Mrs. Ralph Thompson's superbly cut, long-sleeved grey wool frock with its deep bustle of Italian brocade, was the most attractive, and Sheelagh Cassidy's full-skirted sand-beige wool gown a close second.

Among crowd see the Ivor Mantons from Melbourne; Alex McLeod and wife Eve in a vivid emerald-green draped wool gown; Mrs. Wallace Sawyer, of Wagga; Mrs. Patty Lloyd Jones; Mrs. Bill Gheithall, who wore a mauve lace dress which positively scintillated with a sequin design; Mrs. Lionel McFadyen; and Sir Leslie and Lady Morehead.

Thought Mrs. Ewart Brisbin's severely cut black gown was wool until I inspected closely and found it a heavy but finely ribbed moire. Mrs. Brisbin tells me she brought it back with her from America.

RECEPTION at Florida, Rose Bay, follows wedding at Star of the Sea Church, Watson's Bay, of Peggy Sullivan and John Hall. Peggy wears lovely gown of white satin appliqued with satin flowers, and her attendants, Mrs. Aubrey Crawley and Sheila Brennan, were dressed in pale blue satin frocks with matching mother-of-pearl head-dresses. Peggy is younger daughter of Mrs. Sullivan, of Cassilis and Vaucluse, and the late Mr. J. Sullivan.



C.W.A. BALL. Lieutenant Graham Wright and Mrs. Wright arriving at the Wentworth Hotel for the Country Women's Association ball. Mrs. Wright comes from Scotland.



PETER PAN WOOL BALL. Mrs. Dick Osborne and Mrs. John Gunning watch the frivolity at Romano's. Mrs. Gunning's burgundy fine wool frock has an embroidered shawl collar.



PRETTY BRIDE. Mrs. Alfred Saunders leaves St. Mark's, Darling Point. Bride formerly Diana Jefferson, younger daughter of the John Jeffersons, of Bellevue Hill. Attired is only son of Mrs. Saunders, of Darling Point, and late Mr. A. Saunders.

RENEWING lots of old friendships made through the years he has been coming to Australia on concert tours is Russian pianist Benno Moisevitich. On night of opening concert Benno entertained small party at Prince's afterwards. Guests included Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tall, who came up from Melbourne specially to attend, and Mr. and Mrs. Angus Macpherson Benno's manager, old school friend Nicholas Moldavan, also at party. Particularly eye-catching was Mrs. Tall's black evening frock, which was brought back from recent trip to America. It was of black crepe with bodice encrusted with cerise and green sequins. She used glorious black diamante-studded scarf as stole across her shoulders.

MRS. SANDY THOM comes from Goulburn to be matron of honor for her sister, Doris Officer, who marries Bruce Lockrey at the Presbyterian Church, Drummoine. Doris and Bruce to have honeymoon at Lord Howe Island before settling into flat at Strathfield.



RIVERVIEW CARD PARTY. Meadames James Carroll, Cedric Henderson, Horace Brown, and George Mantach discuss plans over lunch at Prince's for the Riverview Parents and Friends' Association card party at David Jones' on June 29.



ENGAGEMENT celebrated at King's School Old Boys' dance by Winsome Saxton and fiance Dr. Ted Halliday Winsome, who is elder daughter of the Harold Saxtons, of Double Bay, is wearing oblong sapphire with sapphire-and-diamond shoulders engagement ring.



PARIS MANNEQUIN WEDS. Lydia Lepiat, with her husband, Tom Nagel Pitman, of Melbourne, after their marriage at Wesley College Chapel, Melbourne. They met when Lydia came to Australia last year for our Paris Fashion Parades.

BRIEFLY: Main topic of conversation is, "Did you get your tickets for the Oliviers?" Can see the long white kid gloves will have a pre-Royal visit airing for gala first night. . . . Claremont Old Girls' Union choose Pickwick Club for annual ball on July 17. Proceeds for Crown Street Hospital Fund. . . . Gay time for young people when Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Swain, of Mosman, give cocktail party to announce engagement of their daughter Annette to Ian, only son of Dr. and Mrs. E. Henty Smalpage, of Hornsby. . . . Mosman Red Cross Floral Ball will be held this Friday at Mosman Town Hall.

Joyce



SCOTTISH COUNTRY DANCERS. Gwen Sutherland, Rosine Robertson, Bernice Vale, Pat Parnell, Margaret Willis, who are being trained for Folk Festival at Town Hall on June 21 and 22 by Mrs. H. V. S. London. Proceeds of festival will aid Sydney Day Nursery Association.



• **LIFE WITH FATHER.** Clarence Day's record-breaking stage comedy of American life in the eighteen-eighties was bought for film production by Warners. Filmed in technicolor, it follows closely along the lines of the play, which 10,000,000 people have seen.

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 19, 1948

In this picture are William Powell and Irene Dunne as Mr. and Mrs. Day. With them are Martin Milner (John), Jimmy Lydon (Clarence) (standing), Johnny Calkins (Whitney), and Derek Scott (Harlan). All players dyed their hair auburn for the film.

Page 25

ODO-RO-NO CREAM

THE LATEST SUPER-FAST CREAM DEODORANT

ODO-RO-NO CREAM



'... it gets under my skin'

This clear, transparent cream melts as it touches the skin, and just floats the dirt up. Use it at bedtime—after you've washed and before you apply your skin food. It cleanses the skin very gently and leaves it very fragrant.

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There's an even lovelier look about this year's Sun-glo styles in knitted frocks. Sun-glo Knitting Book Series 108 contains many up-to-the-minute designs, including the charming frock illustrated.

You can get Sun-glo Knitting Books at any retailer or news-agent or order them direct from "Knitting Book Dept.", Alexandria Spinning Mills, 30 Grosvenor St., Sydney. Price 6d. (posted 7½d.). Special books 1/1 (1/2½d. posted).

Be sure to use Shrinkproof Sun-glo wool, manufactured in Australia by F. W. HUGHES PTY. LTD., at their ALEXANDRIA SPINNING MILLS. Distributors: PATERSON, LAING & BRUCE LTD.

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THE DIE IS CAST



1 AFTER MURDER of Eve Charlier (Micheline Presle) by husband Andre (Fernand Fabre), her spirit returns and stands with sister Lucette (Collette Ripert) beside body.



2 SECOND MURDER is that of workman Pierre (Marcel Pagliero), founder of secret society which plans to remove cruel dictator, Aguerra, and free people from oppression.

FRENCH FANTASY FILM

WRITTEN specially for the screen by the French existentialist author Jean Paul Sartre, "The Die Is Cast" is an allegorical story of the real and the spirit worlds. A Gibe Films production, directed by Jean Delannoy, the picture will be shown in Australia by Kapferer Productions with English sub-titles.



3 STRANGE MEETING when spirits of Eve and Pierre go to a house where they see themselves registered as having died. They are attracted to each other, and wish they could return to life.



4 AT DICTATOR'S PALACE, Pierre, unseen by others present, hears that Aguerra knows of secret society and intends to break membership by force.



5 GIVEN LIFE AGAIN on condition he and Eve prove mutual trust in one day, Pierre goes to society rooms to warn members of treachery. They accuse him of deserting them for company of the wealthy Eve.



6 FACING TROUBLE of social barrier, Pierre and Eve realise difficulty of meeting conditions necessary for them to stay alive.



7 WARNING her sister that Andre is a murderer, Eve finds advice unheeded and she returns to await Pierre, who does not arrive at required hour.



8 FAILURE by Pierre and Eve to fulfil time-limit obligations sees them returned to spirit world. They give advice to young couple who, meeting for first time after death, ask if life can begin again.

For your
protection



THESE are just a few of the 168 dependable Nyal Family Medicines, especially designed for the safe, dependable treatment of simple, everyday ailments in your home. The formula of every Nyal Medicine is clearly shown on the package. That is why your chemist will often recommend a Nyal product, because he knows what each one contains and what it is intended to do. Where your health, and the health of your family is concerned—play safe—look for the name "Nyal" whenever you buy a medicine. Nyal Family Medicines are sold only by chemists.

He never
enjoyed his tea...



till he tasted
Brisk
Lipton's!



"Good?"

Why it was like tasting tea
for the first time," he cried, savouring
that rich Lipton flavour.

Housewives all over the country are chang-
ing to "brisk" Lipton Tea. Brisk? "Brisk"
is the tea expert's word for the rich, full-
bodied flavour that comes from Lipton's
skilful blending.

LIPTON TEA

Brisk flavour—

NEVER FLAT!



HERE'S HOW
TO GIVE
YOUR LIPS

*Film Star
Allure*

★ Muriel Steinbeck
...First Lady of Australian
Screen and Radio



To make thin lips softly rounded
apply Lip-Glo a
little beyond the
lip line.

Beautifully full lips with
Lip-Glo inside
the mouth out-
line.

Too wide! Apply smooth, Lip-Glo
not quite to the
corner of your
mouth.

Give charming fullness to a too-
narrow mouth
with Lip-Glo well
into the corners.

Thrill to lips as soft and as natural as the petals of
a rose-bud... be confident that even searching
'close-ups' can detect no smudge, no grease, no
fading edges.



Lip-glo
LIQUID
8 EXOTIC TINTS

PHILIP DARE COSMETICS, Box 442, G.P.O., Adelaide

You, Too, Can Be a Genius

Continued from page 9

AND that guy ran
a publishing house. No wonder
literature was in a bad way.

"Okay," I said. "Wait, that's all.
You'll see."

Myra said, "Of course you'll see.
Herb's going to give you the first
chance at it, aren't you, Herb? Soon
as it's finished."

"Ah," James said. "I see. It isn't
finished yet." I didn't like the
way he said it.

Neither did Myra. She said,
"Maybe you don't believe it. We'll
just show you, won't we, Herb?"

"Sure." I was agreeing with
everything that day. Now that I'd
gone this far I might as well play
out the hand.

"We'll show you," Myra said. "To-
morrow—"

Something had happened to my
stomach. "To-morrow!"

"Why not?" she said. "You said
you could finish it in a few hours."

I thought fast. "No." I made it
firm. "I didn't bring my type-
writer."

Myra's face fell. I patted myself
on the back. Nobody could write a
book without his typewriter. It had
been pretty close, but I'd stopped it.
I took out my handkerchief and
wiped my forehead.

And then James got one of his
lightning flashes.

"Typewriter? You need a type-
writer?" He smiled and nodded and
rubbed his hands together. The
perfect host. He said, "I'll have one
brought up to your room right
away."

He started toward the house.

For the first hour I looked out
the window of my room on to the
terrace. For the second I looked
at a magazine. For the third I
looked at the typewriter. I sat
there smoking cigarettes until the
sun went down.

The sound of heel taps outside my
door roused me. Myra. I thought
about chasing her away. I thought
about pretending to be sick. Then
I thought—well, it had to come
some time.

The door opened softly and Myra
put her head in.

"Herb," she whispered, "can I
—come in?"

I said, "Sure. Come on in."

She came into the room on tip-
toe.

"How—how are you getting along,
Herb? Is it nearly done?"

I shoved my chair back. "Sit
down," I said.

She sat down on the edge of a
chair and leaned forward, looking
at me, kind of breathless.

I said, "Listen. I've got to tell
you something."

"Well?"

I didn't look at her. "There isn't
any book," I said.

I waited. There was one of those
silences. Then she said, "I don't
understand. You told me—"

I lifted my shoulders and let
them drop again. "I know. I was
a little crazy, I guess. But I wanted
you to think I amounted to some-
thing."

"You mean you—lied?"

"I wanted you to marry me."

"Oh, I see," she said. "You—love
me." She made it sound as if I'd
insulted her. "So you lie to me. You
humiliate me before James. How
do you think I'm going to explain
this to him?"

"That's all you're worried about,
isn't it—what James will think. Why
don't you marry him, then?" I said.

Her cheeks and eyes were blaz-
ing.

"All right," she said. "If that's
the way you feel about it, I will. At
least he's a gentleman. He wouldn't
lie to a girl."

"Ha. Has he ever told you about
his war experiences?"

She made a kind of choked sound
and jumped up from her chair. Her
hands were clenched into fists and
she was staring at me, very mad.

I stared back, just as mad. "So go
on and marry him. I wish you
luck."

James was the one who'd need
the luck, I thought.

Myra stood there looking at me
for a minute longer. She started

to say something, and didn't. Then
she turned and went off.

As soon as she was gone I got up
and started circling the room. For
the first five laps I just walked and
was mad.

The next five I thought about
Myra. She'd got me into the whole
thing. All I wanted was to get
married and live like anybody else,
but she had to have some kind of
genius about the house. I had to
do something big.

On the eleventh lap I looked out
the window. Myra was down on
the terrace, with James. She was
standing close to him, looking up
into his face. I didn't have to ask
what they were talking about.

Eight laps later I was almost
ready to feel sorry for Jamesey-
boy. He was stuck with it now.
He'd never have a peaceful five
minutes again. I could see just how
it was going to be—right up to the
time he went into a sanitarium
with his nerves shot, his publishing
business shot, and his wife looking
for another sucker.

Somewhere around the thirty-
seventh lap I got my idea. It would
take a lot of work, but who cared
about that?

I was mad enough even to work.

A couple of months later I was
sitting in Harry's Bar when Myra
came over to my table.

"Oh," I said. "Hello, Myra. Sit
down."

She sat. We looked at each other
across the table.

"Herb," Myra said. "I—," she
hesitated; then it came out in a
rush; "James showed it to me. Yes-
terday. Your book, I mean. He
thinks it's wonderful."

"What did you think of it?" I said.

"I thought it was wonderful, too."
Her voice was strained. "I know
it will be a big success." I waited.
She said, "I had no idea you could
write like that, Herb."

It was a surprise to me, too, but
I didn't tell her that. I waited.

"I want to congratulate you. I
—," She stopped. Her eyes looked
at me. I kept on waiting. She
said, "I," again.

Then she started to cry.

"Hey!" I said. That wasn't what
I'd been waiting for. "Quit it, now.
What's the matter with you, any-
way?"

Myra stopped to sniff. "Am I
really like that?" she asked.

I played it safe. "Like what?"

"That awful woman. In your
book."

Her eyes looked at me, red and
weepy. "The one who drove her hus-
band into a sanitarium."

I thought about libel suits and
things.

"Of course not," I said. "Where
did you get that idea?"

She looked at me and started to
cry again. When she could talk she
said, "Don't try to be kind, Herb.
I deserve everything you said about
her."

Her hand came across the
table and touched mine and went
away again. "Herb—can you ever
forgive me?"

I raised an eyebrow at her. "For-
give you? Why? What difference
does it make to you?"

"Bub—because I love you. I wuh-
want to marry you."

I set my glass down and stared
at her. "You. Want to marry me?"

She nodded. I put on more steam,
to catch up. "But what about
James?"

"James!" she said. "I've never
cared anything about James. It
was always you, Herb. He said you
were a no-good and a loafer. He
said you were a liar."

She paused, looking at me. "So I slapped him."

I stared at her for a minute. Then
I began to grin.

"For that alone," I said, "I'd love
you."

She leaned over toward me.
"Kiss me," I said.

She did. Several times.

"Herb!" Myra said. "Oh, dar-
ling!"

The first thing a literary man
wants to learn is to keep the libel
suits in the family.

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Louise

Susan

* TO ORDER: Fashion Frocks may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 19.

Margaret



"MARGARET" — is in matt rayon bedford cord in white, pink, sky, peach, and pastel green.

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Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 22/9 (5 coupons); 36in. and 38in. bust, 24/3 (5 coupons). Postage, 1/3¹/₂ extra.

"LOUISE" — is in rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pastel pink, and pale blue.

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Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 26/3 (5 coupons); 36in. and 38in. bust, 29/9 (5 coupons). Postage, 1/3¹/₂ extra.

sports clothes you wear for active sports. During the day, if you are just lazing around, you will wear beach things — shorts, dresses, of whatever type you happen to own. An odd wool jacket or sweater will be useful. A couple of dresses for dancing at night are a "must." Nothing too formal, the beachy type look best. The dresses can be long or short, according to your own taste; both are worn, and both look correct.

in trousers. Have your ski pants made in waterproof material and in a dark color if you don't want to look like a dancer in a Tyrolean musical comedy. Ski pants should be tapered and sleek, with sufficient room over the knee for bending. The line of the crease should fall in the middle of the kneecap when you bend your knees. Lastly, have the pants lined, and the fit should be perfect.

Prepare for cold

"I AM leaving by boat for Tasmania in a fortnight, and will tour the island by car. What clothes should I take?"

Midwinter in Tasmania is extremely cold. You will certainly need a tweed suit or any type of wool suit, a fur coat or a warm topcoat, plus a comfortable travelling hat or beret. At night you will need some type of warm dress to change into. If you own a long-sleeved wool dinner dress it would be perfect, so would a floor-length evening skirt and sweater with evening trimming. If you don't feel like taking a dinner dress, a light wool street-length dress is quite in order. I suggested floor-length for comfort against extreme cold, not for formality. Be sure to take a rug, a warm dressing-gown, slippers, and a bed-jacket. On the boat you will dress in winter sports clothes—a skirt and matching sweater or a simple wool dress.

Good accessories

"WHAT accessories will I get for a between-seasons dress of beige lightweight wool? I would like the belt and buttons to contrast with the frock. What shoes would be correct, and what height should the heel be?"

A pair of classic kid pumps in beige to match your dress would be right up to the moment in spring footwear. The height of the heel will depend on your own all-over figure proportions, but don't wear a flat heel; with the longer hemline the heel should have enough height to lengthen the line from the hem to the floor. About the other accessories—French designer Dior has popularised a dark tawny-brown and called it tortoise, a color that looks perfect with beige, so use it for the belt, buttons, and hat. You could then have gloves and handbag in beige to match your dress and shoes.

For the snow

"SOON I am off to the snow country for a holiday, and am wondering if I should have a ski skirt, or ski pants. Whichever I decide on I shall have tailored, but would appreciate some advice about the cut. Is it necessary to have waterproof material, and would you tell me what colors are smartest?"

You might look fairly well in a ski skirt, but you will surely look better



A DINNER DRESS designed for a matron with a slim figure.

Dress Sense by Betty Keep

A MOTHER whose family likes her to look smart asks for advice on a dinner dress, and another mother wants to know how to adapt the present fashions for a teen-age daughter. This week's mail also included letters from holiday-makers.

"I AM nearing fifty, with a fast-growing-up family who like to see their mother well dressed and smart. My immediate problem is a dinner dress. I would like it to be in the fashion, but do not want to look ridiculous. My figure is quite slim, but I am afraid I have not the 22in. or 24in. waist measurement essential for the 'new look'."

I would certainly not expect a woman of your years to have a 22in. or 24in. waistline (nor would any dress designer). The new clothes do, to some extent, demand a small waistline, but in the case of a mature figure it should certainly not be an exaggerated line. Believe me, adult fashions can have the grace and rhythm of the 1943 styles without looking exaggerated or ridiculous. A good modern foundation garment helps to achieve the new silhouette. It would be a good idea to buy a new foundation garment before you choose any more new clothes.

About your dinner dress, either rayon crepe or all-over lace would be nice for the material. For the color I would like a soft mist-blue or pinky-beige. Have the dress made with a high neckline, little half-sleeves, and a cape effect at the back—the latter is very new. The skirt should be cut with fullness, but not exaggerated fullness. The dress illustrated on this page should please both you and your family.

Young ideas

"WOULD you advise me about the type of clothes my teen-age daughter should wear? She is anxious to have the longer hemline, but would this be correct? What type of suit, topcoat, and hat would be correct for her?"

Fourteen inches from the ground is a good length for a teen-ager's day clothes. Suits for young girls have either very full pleated skirts or skirts that are widely flared. A straight-cut, all-round-gathered dirndl (most teen-agers' wardrobes include a dirndl) should only be worn with sweater or blouse; it should never be part of a suit. Suit jackets are short, and button from a nipped-in waist to a roll or Peter Pan collar. The current design for an odd jacket is boxy, half-hip-length, and fastened by a double row of buttons up the front. The latest design for a topcoat is princess in cut, beltless, and fitted well into the waistline. The most popular millinery for the teen-ager is a small bowler, generally made in white or a bright color, or a velvet beret in a neutral color.

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ME1WW6

ME2WW6



ME3WW6

ME.1.WW/6.—Smart Afternoon FROCK of Printed American SLUB LINON-LIKE RAYON; in a large range of Floral and Monotone designs and Colorings. Made with Shirtmaker neckline, featuring yoke and panel effect on pintucked bodice. Buttoned to hemline with contrast buttons. Pleats in skirt front and buckled belt. Shades: Blues, Greens, Rose, etc. Sizes W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS, XXXOS. Price 49/3
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FOR
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ME.2.WW/6.—Cool and comfortable for Summer days is this FROCK of AMERICAN SPUN RAYON. Available in a large range of Floral designs and colorings, the frock is made in the becoming Shirt Neck style, and is buttoned to hemline with contrast buttons. Skirt has unpressed pleats, and is finished with a self belt. Ground shades of Blue, Green, Pink, Red, etc. Sizes SW, W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS, XXXOS. Price 36/-
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ME.3.WW/6.—Practical Frock for Larger fittings, in BRITISH RAYON; made on slimming lines with new cross-over bodice softly shirred on shoulders to give fullness over bust. Unbroken waistline and smart self bow at neck. Gored skirt and tie belt. Shades: Heaven Blue (illustrated), Black, and Navy. Sizes SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS, XXXOS. Price 59/-
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EB.4.WW/6.—Add beauty to your bedroom with a lovely Candlewick Chenille Bedspread, dainty, feathersoft and easy to handle. Beautifully patterned in the fascinating 'Rope' design, it is available in radiant colorings of Rose, Green, Blue or Gold, or in distinctive shades of Beige (illustrated) and Off-White. Double-bed size 90 x 100ins. Price 88/11 ea.
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EB.5.WW/6.—A spread of Supertex Candlewick Chenille will lend enchantment to your bedroom. Made of the new fluffy, baby chenille, tufting, and richly styled in a new and lovely design. Glowing shades of Rose (illustrated), Blue, Green or Gold; also in the new Beige and Off-White tonings. Double-bed size, 90 x 100ins. Price 99/11 ea.
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EB4WW6

EB5WW6

Jewel Notes



SCARLET-AND-IVORY flower trail with glitter-tipped stamen centres adds feminine charm to a tailored maple-brown hair-do.



AT LEFT: Simulated diamonds in flower settings for hairclip, earrings, and pin trio. ABOVE: A rhinestone tiara, set on a comb, is winter's most regal ornament. Harper's Bazaar picture.

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

JEWELS and ornaments worn in the hair this winter are reminiscent of Edwardian days.

Evening styles in coiffures glitter with gold, feathers, flowers, and jewelled pieces in glowing colors that are often made in matching sets for hair, throat, ears, and wrist.

Down goes the sun, and adornment rushes to the head to complement an off-the-shoulder décolletage or a covered-up neckline.

Even pearls, pins, clips, and brooches can rise to new heights on top of beautifully groomed heads.

With fair skin, blonde hair, aqua, rose, and sapphire jewel tonings. For the brunette, ruby, coral, and scarlet are striking. For the red-head, emerald . . . spicy pinks.



SHELL - SHAPED rhinestones glamorise a sideswept hair-do, and are placed at throat and wrist on velvet bands. Right: Gold-flecked feathered headdress accompanies earrings, necklace, bracelet, evening bag, all on the same standard. Design by Coro, of New York.



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● A pastry hand can be cultivated. For best results keep ingredients cool, handle lightly and as little as possible, mix to a dry dough, and bake in a hot oven.

HALF as much fat as flour is a good rule to follow for crisp shortcrust, the most widely used of all pastries because it is easy to make and economical. Lemon juice—just a squeeze—or a few drops of vinegar will help to counteract the fatty flavor of dripping in pastry.

Pies which are filled before cooking need a hot oven for the first 10 to 15 minutes, after which heat should be reduced to moderate for balance of cooking time.

Unfilled pastry-cases should be thoroughly pricked with a fork on base and sides before cooking, to help preserve shape.

NUTTY BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

One 7in. pastry-case, cooked and cooled, 1½ cups brown sugar, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, ½ cup water, ½ cup milk, 2 scant tablespoons cornflour, 2 egg-yolks, 3 tablespoons coarsely chopped walnuts, 1 teaspoon honey.

Place sugar, margarine or butter, and ½ cup of the water in saucepan. Boil to a syrup. Stir in cornflour blended with balance of water and milk. Beat smooth; stir while mixture simmers 3 or 4 minutes. Cool slightly, beat in egg-yolks. Fill into pastry-case. Brush rim of case with honey, sprinkle with chopped walnuts. Use any remaining nuts to garnish. If liked, may be topped with meringue made from the egg-whites.

CHOCOLATE-CREAM PIE

One 7in. biscuit pastry-case, cooked and cooled, 1 heaped dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 heaped tablespoon flour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 3oz. grated dark chocolate (or 3 dessertspoons cocoa), 1½ cups milk, pinch salt, 1 egg, 2 extra tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Melt margarine or butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Add milk and sugar, stir until mixture boils. Fold in grated chocolate (or cocoa blended with a little extra milk), salt, and beaten egg-yolk. Fill into pastry-case. Beat egg-white stiffly, gradually add extra sugar, beat to meringue consistency. Spoon on to tart, return to very moderate oven until meringue is set and lightly browned.

PINEAPPLE MINCE PIE

Half pound shortcrust or biscuit pastry, 2 thick slices pineapple, 1 apple, ½lb. mixed fruit, 1 tablespoon chopped walnuts, 1 tablespoon finely shredded peel, pinch salt, ¼ teaspoon each nutmeg and spice, grated rind and juice 1 small lemon, 1 or 2 tablespoons pineapple juice, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon sherry or brandy.

Roll pastry to fit 8in. tart-plate; cut and line plate, reserve some strips to decorate. Pinch a frill around edge. Place sugar, lemon and pineapple juices in small saucepan. Bring slowly to the boil. Add to all other ingredients, mixing well. Lastly add sherry or brandy. Fill into pastry-case, crisscross with thin twisted strips of pastry. Glaze with milk, bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

FISH AND VEGETABLE PIE

One 7in. cooked pastry-case, 2 cups white sauce, 1½ cups cooked flaked fish (fresh or salted), 1 cup cooked peas, 1 cup cooked cubed carrot, 1 tablespoon diced parboiled red pepper, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 3 or 4 pastry fish.

To make pastry fish, draw fish on cardboard, cut out; place on pastry, cut around shape with sharp-pointed knife. Cook on oven tray. While sauce is freshly made and still hot, fold in all other ingredients. Fill into cooked pastry-case, garnish with pastry fish. Return to moderate oven and reheat thoroughly without allowing filling to boil. Serve hot garnished with lemon wedges and parsley.

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

One 8in. shortcrust or biscuit pastry-case, cooked and cooled, 1½ cups sugar, 1½ cups water, 1 cup lemon juice, grated rind of 2 lemons, 3 scant dessertspoons flour, 3 scant dessertspoons cornflour, extra ½ cup water, 2 eggs, 1 heaped teaspoon margarine or butter.

Bring sugar, water, lemon rind, and juice nearly to boiling point. Stir in flour and cornflour blended smoothly with extra water. Simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Cool slightly, beat in butter and egg-yolks.

Continued on page 34

A VARIETY of sweet and savory pies are illustrated on this page. Shortcrust pastry was used to make the savory pies and biscuit pastry for the sweet ones. Recipes for all fillings are given.

*PIES
Sweet and Savory*



GOOD NEWS for sufferers from IRREGULARITY

Here's a natural
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BREAKFAST at the COUNTRY CLUB



TOMATO WHIRLS served with hot meat casseroles make a delightful menu change. See picture (right) for method.

PRIZE RECIPES

COCONUT gingerbread, which wins first prize this week, is an attractive addition to an afternoon tea table, as well as being useful for the lunch-box.

COCONUT GINGERBREAD

Three ounces margarine or butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup treacle or golden syrup, 1 cup water, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, pinch allspice, pinch salt, 1½ cups flour, 1 cup coconut.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and lemon rind. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Dissolve soda in treacle or syrup, stir into mixture. Sift flour, salt, spices thoroughly, add to mixture alternately with milk and water. Fold in coconut. Pour into well-greased 8in. square cake-tin. Bake in moderate oven (325deg. F.) 30 to 35 minutes. When cool, ice with coconut frosting.

Frosting: One cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 level dessertspoon butter, 1 cup desiccated coconut.

Place sugar, milk, and butter in saucepan, bring to boiling point, stirring frequently. Boil steadily 15 minutes without stirring. Beat until cold and creamy. Add coconut, spread over cake.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Kelis, Crystal Creek, Alexandra, Vic.

CHOKO AND PINEAPPLE JAM

Four and a half pounds chokoes, 1 medium-sized pineapple, juice of 3 medium-sized lemons, 3lb. sugar, extra ½lb. sugar.

Peel, core, and dice chokoes, peel and shred pineapple. Place chokoes and pineapple in alternate layers in large bowl with a coating of sugar on each layer. Add lemon juice, allow to stand. Place pineapple skin and core in saucepan with enough water to barely cover and the extra ½lb. of sugar. Bring quickly to boiling point, boil steadily 1 hour. Strain through muslin and pour over fruit. Allow to stand overnight. Place in preserving pan, boil steadily for 1 hour, removing any scum from surface and stirring occasionally. Warm balance of sugar, add to jam, boil gently until mixture sets when tested on a cold saucer. Pour into warm jars, seal when cold. Label and store in cool, dark place.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. G. Smith, 5 Kenneth St., Longueville, N.S.W.

LONDON CANDY

Half pint golden syrup, grated rind of 1 lemon, strained juice of 1 lemon, 1 cup roughly chopped nuts. Grease sides and base of saucepan with butter. Place golden syrup, lemon rind and juice in pan, bring quickly to boiling point. Re-



SPREAD unsweetened scone dough with a mixture of 1 cup tomato puree, 1 cup soft bread-crumbs, 1 teaspoon grated onion, salt, pepper, chopped parsley. Roll as illustrated, cut into 4in. slices. Bake on greased tray in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

duce heat, cook gently 12 to 15 minutes, stirring constantly. When mixture is ready, a teaspoonful dropped on a cold, greased saucer will harden quickly. Grease two large enamel plates. Add nuts to mixture and pour half into each plate. Allow to cool. When cool enough to handle, grease hands and pull candy until it turns a rich golden color. Press back into plates, mark into squares, leave until quite cold and hard. When hard, break into squares and store in airtight jars.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss L. Perkins, Marom Creek, via Lismore, N.S.W.

PIES . . . Sweet and savory

Continued from page 33

FILL into cooked pastry-case. Beat egg-whites to meringue consistency with 3 extra tablespoons sugar. Pipe or spoon on to tart. Place in very moderate oven until meringue is set.

STEAK AND OYSTER PIE

Half pound shortercut pastry, 1½lb. round steak, 1 small onion, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 1½ to 2 cups water, salt and pepper, pinch grated lemon rind, 1 to 2 dozen oysters.

Trim steak, cut into dice, brown in hot fat, remove. Brown sliced onion and flour, stir in water. When boiling, add meat, salt, pepper. Cover, simmer 1½ hours until meat is tender. Fold in lemon rind and oysters. Divide pastry into 2 portions, one slightly larger than the other. Roll both portions to circular shape, use larger piece to line dish. Moisten edge, fill with steak and oyster mixture. Place pastry top on pinch edges together. With sharp pointed knife slit top 2 or 3 times, making leaf-shaped slits as illustrated. Decorate with pastry rose. Brush pie with milk, bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes, reducing heat slightly after 15 minutes. Serve hot.

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Sir,
Having been a Despatch Rider in the 1st World War, out in all weathers, rain and snow, etc., day or night in France, I then continuously suffered with colds, and after you at Messines I lost my voice for long periods up to the end of the War, and my return to Australia. My relations strongly advised me to try "Hypol"; the bottle I received was so outstanding I have used it ever since. I served with the Aus. Military Forces in World War 2 for over 5 years. I fully believe "Hypol" kept me fit and enabled me to join up again after so many years.

Yours truly,
(Sgd.) A. REID.

Dear Sir,
I would like you to know how pleased we were, when our son, Neil, won the "Hypol" Cup for the Champion Baby of the Show recently held at Lyndersville.

You may be interested to know that before my marriage I was a trained nurse, and, realising fully the value of pre-natal care and treatment, I took "Hypol" before baby was born. I attribute his present splendid healthy condition to the use of "Hypol" before birth and to the regular daily doses he is now getting.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) RITA M. SCOTT.

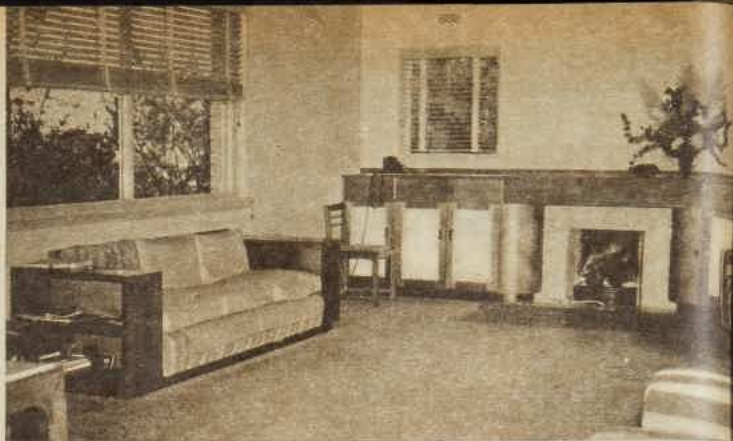
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14 years and upwards, 1 tablespoonful 3 times daily

No home should be without 'Hypol'



LOUNGING end of the spacious living and dining room in Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McConnell's home, Springfield, Adelaide. Walls are putty colored, ceilings pale larch-green, and buff-toned carpet covers floor. Buff and larch-green striped chairs. Polished Tasmanian myrtle built-in fittings and wood-work.



Architect's smart modern home

By EVE GYE

WHEN the salmon-pink and turquoise flat-roofed house of the J. H. McConnells went up in Springfield, Adelaide, it caused comment.

"Good gracious," said one surprised passer-by, "the house has a glass back!"

But the house has "settled down" among its attractive neighbors, and fast-growing trees and shrubbery have softened its contours.

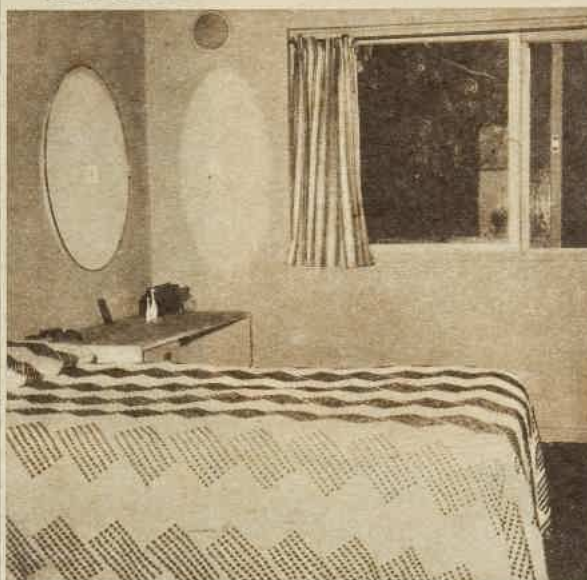
The insulated wood-framed roof is finished with rubberised, bitumastic ducking. First floor is of concrete, covered with cane fibre board and carpeted.

External brick walls, tinted soft salmon-pink and set on a cream stone foundation, have raked and horizontal mortar joints.

Woodwork is pure white, and the eaves, gutters, balcony, floor sash, front door are deep turquoise-blue.

One wall in the long living and dining room is practically all plate-glass.

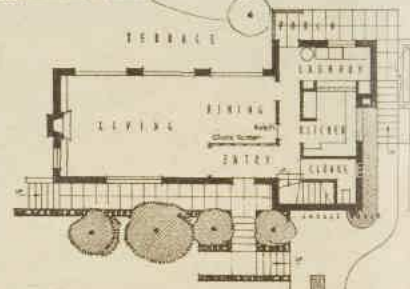
The house commands panoramic views of the city and over the plains to the sea, as well as the hills and valleys to the east and south.



GLIMPSE of the main bedroom. Walls are dove-grey and ceiling palest daffodil; carpet deep mushroom. Woodwork and built-in furniture are painted dove-grey. Bedsprad and curtains are off-white patterned in rich sienna browns.



FIRST-FLOOR plan of the house shows disposition of bedrooms, bathroom, and sleepout. Nine-year-old Bill McConnell occupies the bedroom next to study.



GROUND-FLOOR plan of the McConnells' home, Hillside Road, Springfield, Adelaide. Feature of the lounge and dining-room is the wall of glass.

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"I received £4/15/- for my story in the 'Woman's Mirror'."

"I am sending Len 3 for correction. My article, 'The Sphinx of Ku-ring-gai Chase', which you advised me to send to 'The Bulletin', was accepted."

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ANOTHER CORNER of the living-room, showing one of the massive plate-glass sliding doors. These doors overlook terrace and garden and a panorama of rolling hills and valleys.



FROM the narrow, cantilever-like balcony, pictured above, there is a glorious view of the city and the sea.

June garden operations

ROSES should by now have gone to sleep for the rest of the winter, and where they are practically leafless pruning can be started.

LEFT: Glass screen wall separates the dining area from the entrance hall simply but effectively; fulfils its purpose without any waste of floor space.

If, however, the weather remains mild and the roses are still flowering, the job should be left over until late July or even early August, when they can be cut back.

Rose-planting is a seasonal job for late June, July, and early August. Prepare the ground well, using only bone dust if old rotted manure is not available, and select only open, sunny positions where the ground is well drained as planting sites.

Most deciduous shrubs and trees can also be planted this month and next. This also applies to fruit trees of the stone and pome varieties. Remember to space them well, giving big trees, such as apples, apricots, and peaches, at least 20 square feet.

Fruit trees should also be pruned at once, and where fungous diseases such as leaf curl, brown rot, mildew, rust, and shot-hole have taken toll they should be given sprayings of lime sulphur or Bordeaux mixture.

Grape vines and most climbers which are now leafless should also be cut back and put shipshape.—Our Home Gardener.



SIMPLICITY of design of the McConnell's home is pleasing. Stone wall shuts off private garden; lawns run down to the roadway. There is no front fence.

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